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To

R. Campbell Fletcher, Esq.
as an introduction to a
future friendship, and in
remembrance of
The Author.



Dec^r. 26/13.

“ To have ideas is to gather flowers.

To think is to weave them into garlands.”

THIS VOLUME
IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO
MY FATHER.

(G. HADDOCK.)

WHAT meeter tribute can I pay
To one who all his life was kind,
Than at affection's stronghold lay
These products of my heart and mind.

"IDLE HOURS;"

OR

POEMS, SONGS ∩



∩ AND SONNETS.

BY

C. MARSTON HADDOCK.

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POEMS.



DEDICATED TO MY SISTER, PAULINE.

To my Sister Pauline.

IN "Idle Hours" there is an unknown land,
With sunlit seas and beach of golden sand,
Where thought may roam unfetter'd, finding there
The many things that maketh life so fair!
And in this land, where simple thought is speech,
I, one day, found Love's arrow on the beach;
And just in fun I brought the prize away,
And left young Love to gambol, sport, and play,
For he was in a merry mood, and laugh'd—
'Twas but in thought I stole the slender shaft,
For mortals may not see the toy, much less
A weapon of such subtle pow'r possess!
And as the arrow back to earth I brought,
I then began to think what others thought:

Some people think that Love is but an elf
Who roameth just at will to please himself,
And that he is a tyrant, seeking gain,
Not in a triumph, but a heart of pain!
And others think him but a child of mirth
Who speedeth arrows over all the earth
To fall where each one listeth; others, too,
Oft think that Love hath nothing else to do
But find them hearts their leisure time to kill,
A toy to keep or cast aside at will!
Poor, foolish mortals, thinking this and that,
To find it but a game of tit for tat,
For Love is sweet, and in each mortal breast
Would find a haven of perpetual rest,
And hearts might then rejoice, for nothing wrong
Would mar the cooing of Love's sweetest song!
'Tis human nature that is frail and weak,
And sinning calleth it a lover's freak.

Love's ways are many, often in disguise,
Now lurking in a pair of sparkling eyes;
Now nestling in some heart to rest awhile;
Now coaxing pouting lips into a smile;
Now kissing rosy cheeks, and faces pale,
And leaving dimples there to tell the tale.
And love may come in sorrow, pain, and tears,
Or hide himself in anguish, doubts, and fears.
Still is he King, his banner is unfurl'd,
So shall he rule the god of all the world!

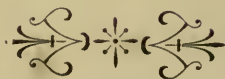
'Tis now, in thought, Love's slender bow I bend,
And swift to thee the tiny arrow send,
Attached thereon, as winging like a dove,
This dedication with my dearest love.



INDEX.

	PAGE
A Birthday Greeting	26
A Birthday Greeting	50
A Birthday Greeting	71
A Box of Matches	54
A Fragment	82
A Fragment	98
After the Parting	99
A Happy Christmas	61
A Mother's Kiss	28
A Plateful of Romance	68
A Portrait	66
A Portrait	74
A Reflection.. .. .	93
A Romance in Three Pictures	15
A Summer's Day	29
A Summer's Morn	101
A Toast	95
At the Sea-Side	33
Beauty	45
Bereaved	39
By the River	72
Elsie Gray	75
Evening	27
Farewell	106
Farewell, my Heart	89
For Evermore	81
Found in the Snow	56
Holly	107
Impertinence	91
Kisses	90
Lines written in an Album	38
Love, the Rose, and the Maiden	87

	PAGE
Music and the Heart	100
My Darling	64
My Love	96
Night	83
On receiving a piece of Bride-Cake	62
Queen of my Heart	86
Ring out ye Bells	88
Rosebud	84
Rosebud	94
St. Valentine's Day	48
Snowflake	65
The Bird and the Song	92
The Fairest Flower	103
The Fisherman's Parting	97
The Legend of Oswald and Elfrida	22
The Light of the World	21
The Origin of the Rose	102
The Rocky Stream	47
The Soul's Heaven	80
The Star Eternal	105
To————	25
To————	37
To Amy	104
To a Rose	20
To-day and To-morrow.. .. .	85
Violet	30
Wax Lights	51
Whispers	31
You and I	35



A Romance in Three Pictures.

I.—THE DREAM.

A LITTLE thatched cot that for years has stood,
 Enclosed in a garden trim,
 A fairy-like spot on the verge of a wood,
 Where towers the oak so grim.
 The rays of the sun through the branches gleam,
 The birds sing from morn till night,
 Whilst echoes are heard as the dancing stream
 Flows on with a wild delight.
 From flowers a fragrance comes stealing o'er,
 So sweet in the eventide,
 And red and white roses grow round the door,—
 A fairer, though, blooms inside :
 A sweet little maiden with auburn hair,
 And eyes of a radiant blue,
 Two cherry-red lips, and a face so fair,
 And cheeks of the rose's hue ;
 A form like a sylph, and a voice as sweet
 As song of the lark at morn,
 A bright merry laugh, and a heart replete
 With love that is yet unborn !
 And often she sits by the sunlit stream,
 That leaps in the perfumed air,
 Indulging, the while, in some fairy dream
 Of princes and maidens fair ;
 And wonders if ever a prince will come,
 And ask her to be his bride,
 And bear her away to his castle-home
 Which towers in lofty pride !
 To the bees' low hum, and the water's roar,
 She sings forth a plaintive strain,
 And the birds are mute till the song is o'er,
 Then bear it across the plain.

SONG.

Once there lived a maiden fair,
 With a wealth of golden hair.
 Came that way a knight so bold,
 On his heels two spurs of gold.
 "Maid," said he, "of beauty rare,
 Wilt thou sell thy face so fair?
 I have wealth and I can buy——."
 And the maiden, for reply,
 Raised her eyes to his above,
 Smiled and said, "The price is love!"

II.—THE AWAKENING.

Far down in the vale where the shadows fall,
 And the soft winds sigh through the poplars tall;
 Where the topmost branches are tipped with gold
 As the sun sinks down in a crimson fold;
 Where songsters are taking their homeward flight,
 And echoes respond to their sweet good-night;
 Where the fair moon peeps o'er the distant hill,
 And the moonbeams play on the rippling rill;
 Where the ivy around the gaunt oak weaves
 In a loving embrace; where the autumn leaves
 Are tinted with crimson and russet-brown;
 Where the lamps of the heavens are shining down
 Where the fairies revel in dance and song,
 And the mystic sounds are carried along
 On the sportive breeze as it passes by,
 And the leaves respond with a mournful sigh,
 As the heart will do when a loving voice
 Is hushed, and cannot again rejoice;
 Where the air is sweet, and the grasses wave;
 Where the bending boughs in the waters lave,
 A maiden awaits at a rustic stile,

And her anxious face lights up with a smile
 As a footstep rings on the air so clear,
 And a manly form to the spot draws near.
 She springs to his side, and the tell-tale flush,
 O'erspreading her face like the rose's blush,
 Reveals to his eyes that her heart is his
 As, stooping, he plants on her lips a kiss.
 They wander along through the shady grove,
 And he thrills her heart with a tale of love ;
 He tells of his travels in foreign lands,
 He tells of a castle that proudly stands,
 And he asks her to come as its queen to reign—
 'Tis the "old, old story" repeated again—
 And she answers "Yes," and he tells once more
 The story of love that he told before.
 So the moments pass and the evening wanes,
 And a sacred stillness around them reigns
 As he clasps her form to his loving heart,
 For the hour has come when the two must part.
 With a lingering kiss, and a sweet good-night,
 Through the deepening gloom he has passed from sight.
 As the maiden returns to her cottage-home,
 To her absent lover her thoughts will roam,
 And her heart is full as she trips along,
 Which finds relief in a verse of song.

SONG.

Said the knight with spurs of gold,
 "I have lands and wealth untold,
 And I lay them at the shrine
 Of thy beauty, maiden mine !
 All I have I give to thee
 If thou'lt give thyself to me !
 Canst thou wish for more than this ?"
 Then she raised her eyes to his,
 And with voice that knew no art,
 Smiling said, "Yes, one true heart !"

III.—THE FULFILMENT.

'Tis a bright and lovely morning
 In the gladsome month of May.
 And children are adorning
 The church with garlands gay;
 The lark is upward soaring
 Beyond the silver haze,
 And joyously outpouring
 Its morning hymn of praise;
 A bridal train is nearing,
 The bride, with heart so light.
 As lily pure appearing
 In robe of snowy white;
 A wreath of orange blossom
 Encircles her young head,
 A lily on her bosom
 With roses white and red:
 Her face is softly glowing,
 Seen in the morning pale,
 Her hair in waves is flowing,
 The while an envious veil
 Enfolds her form so slender,
 And from her deep-blue eyes
 There beams a light so tender.
 And soft as summer skies.
 And there the bridegroom meets her,
 With loving word and smile,
 So tenderly he greets her,
 And leads her up the aisle.
 Around are smiling faces
 He takes her ungloved hand,
 And on her finger places
 A simple golden band.
 Her head is drooping lowly,
 As flow'rs before the sun,

The words are spoken slowly
 Which bind two lives in one.
 The village bells are ringing
 Far out a peal of joy,
 The birds are sweetly singing,
 Each village girl and boy
 Is sporting in the meadows,
 Or by the babbling stream,
 Whilst in the deepening shadows
 Young lovers idly dream,
 Or pass the happy hours
 As, roaming side by side,
 They talk of love and flowers
 Or of the fair young bride,
 Who, whilst their vows are telling,
 Is speeding far away
 To that proud castle-dwelling,
 She saw in dreams one day,
 And when the sports are over,
 When day begins to wane,
 Each boy, and girl, and lover,
 Joins in a joyous strain.

SONG.

Said the knight, "I love thee more
 Than was maiden loved before!"
 Said the maiden, looking grave,
 "If thou'rt good as thou art brave
 Thou wilt then perform the task
 That I now of thee shall ask:
Endless gold pray give to me,
 Then I give myself to thee!"
 Quick he took the maiden's hand,
 Leaving there a golden band.

To a Rose.

QUEEN of the garden,
So fragrant and sweet
What other flower
Can with thee compete ?

Full of rare beauty,
Yet modest and meek,
For a blush always
Is seen on thy cheek !

O, let me pluck thee,
For one most divine,
On her fair bosom
Thy head shall recline !

Whilst there reposing,
My secret impart,
Let her inhale all
The love from thy heart.

The Light of the World.

A RAY from heaven that giveth
A light to earth ;
A light on earth that liveth
In mortal birth ;
A mortal birth that knoweth
A worldly strife ;
A worldly strife that soweth
The plant of life ;
The plant of life that bloometh
With fragrant sprays ;
A fragrance that perfumeth
The autumn days ;
An autumn day that bringeth
A winter rime ;
A winter rime that ringeth
A Christmas chime ;
A Christmas chime that blendeth
With peace and love ;
A peace and love that endeth
In heaven above.

The Legend of Oswald and Elfrida.

On a lone sea shore,
 That is rugged and bare,
 And the wild waves roar
 In their freedom there,
 As they rush with a kiss
 That the rudeness shocks,
 And breaks with a hiss
 On the frowning rocks,
 Elfrida sits, and weeps, and sighs
 Her love that faints, and fades, and dies
 On the light soft breast of the summer breeze,
 That steals its breath from Southern seas.
 The sea-gull's harsh, discordant scream
 Then breaks the flow of her sun-set dream,
 A dream of love,
 That finds its rest in the realms above,
 And whilst the sun in the blue sea dips,
 Elfrida sits, with parted lips,
 Sad and sorrowful, and weeping sore,
 Singing her song on the sea-girt shore :
 "My heart is like the sad, sad sea,
 And dark as wintry skies that be
 When weeping from above !
 The sea is like my sad, sad heart,
 And of my being forms a part,
 Because it holds my love !
 O love, love come, if but in death,
 And take with thee my parting breath."

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Oswald, a Prince of royal blood,
 Had long the fair Elfrida woo'd,

And each one lived in the glad content
Of peace, and love's fond sentiment!

And all went well,

Until it fell

The Sea-King rode on the flowing tide,
And sought Elfrida for his bride,
And when she scorned his proffered love,
He swore by all the gods above
He would not brook such dire defeat—
Then Oswald, springing to his feet,

But barely missed his well meant blow—

Alas! for love and lovers' charms,
The Sea-King clasped him in his arms,

And hurled him to the depths below!

Then blew his breath across the sea,
Which stirr'd the waves and set them free.

And as they leapt with maddened glee,

They swamped the ships and drowned them;

Again he blew his breath around,

Which roused the elements of sound,

The wind and rain, each tempest hound,

And snapped the leash that bound them!

The wild waves dash'd,

The lightning flash'd,

The thunder crash'd

From heaven's dark-arched battlement;

The fierce wind blew,

The tempest grew,

As if a crew

Of demons ruled each element!

And so it raged for many a day,

The while Elfrida sang her lay,

Until the tempest, hushed in sleep,

Brought peace again to the troubled deep;

And over the sea, the sad sweet song

On a crested wave was borne along,

Then sank to the bed of the ocean deep,
 Where Oswald lay in his last long sleep,
 And such is the power of song and love,
 It caught his soul as it soared above,
 And his spirit rode on the morning air,
 To the lone sea shore, and Elfrida fair,
 And kissed her lips with a kiss of death,
 That stole her soul with her parting breath.

The storm came back
 On the seaward track,
 And darkness fell on the land and sea,
 And the howl and shriek
 From each rocky peak,
 Bespoke the day of eternity!
 The Sea-King, baffled, and mad with pain,
 On a whirlwind flew o'er the raging main,
 And was lost to view in a hurricane,
 Whilst the black clouds sundered themselves in
 twain;
 And through the seam
 There flowed a stream
 Of sunlight from the gates of love,
 And resting but a moment there,
 On Oswald, and Elfrida fair,
 It caught their souls to heaven above.



To

THOU shade of night! now flitting here, now there,
 With fairy footsteps, and a sylph-like grace,
 From those dark eyes the moon and stars might dare
 To steal the light reflected in thy face!

And all the garden roses, white and red,
 Might envy thee the sweetness of thy lips,
 Whilst jealous Love in anger might be led
 To steal the fragrance for his arrow tips!

The sun its warmth might borrow from thy heart,
 And zephyrs woo thee with their whispers sweet,
 And all things seek to love thee as thou art,
 My charming *demoiselle*, *ma belle petite*.

A Birthday Greeting.

I HAVE a message to send thee,
Tender, and sweet, and true,
That Love may to-day attend thee,
The love that is old, yet new.

I have a blessing to give thee,
Treasure it in thy heart,
For sorrow may come to grieve thee,
And bid all the love depart.

I have a word when I meet thee,
Something I have to say,
To wish that good fortune may greet thee
With many returns of the day.

I have a something to shew thee,
'Tis in the lines I send,
So think of me, speak of me, know me,
Just as a very dear friend.

Evening.

BIRDS are singing, leaves are whisp'ring,
 Brooklets murm'ring, dewdrops glist'ning,
 Whilst upon the breeze is borne
 Fairy music, fairy voices,
 Telling how the heart rejoices,
 Telling of a love new-born.

One by one the flowers are closing,
 Dreamily the day is dozing,
 Giving place to gentle eve;
 Tired songsters homeward flying,
 Zephyrs light are softly sighing.
 Spells around the heart they weave.

Night is falling, stars are peeping,
 Lovers true their trysts are keeping,
 Whilst the moon shines bright above.
 Evening's balm is stealing over
 Heart of maiden and of lover,
 Filling each with purest love.

A Mother's Kiss.

“Kiss me mother, before I sleep.”

A simple boon is this,
Yet soothing to the suppliant
Is that soft gentle kiss!

Contentedly the little head
Upon the pillow lies,
Whilst from the mother's heart a prayer
Ascends up to the skies.

The bright eyes close, the rosy lips,
In bright and sunny dreams
Of innocence, are revelling,
With joy the young face beams

Deny not, mother, when thy child
This simple boon shall crave,
For long 'twill in the memory live
When thou art in the grave!

And to the weary wanderer
New life it will impart,
The memory of a mother's kiss
Will cheer his lonely heart.

We know not what may be in store
Beyond the present time,
For life has stormy seas to cross
And rugged paths to climb!

Then, mother, kiss the pleading child,
For in that kiss there lies
A charm of wondrous potency,
A charm that never dies.

A Summer's Day.

BRIGHT and glorious shines the sun
From blue transparent sky;
Dancing, sparkling, in its rays,
The stream goes rippling by.

Songsters flit from tree to tree,
And fill the air with song;
Zephyrs light, on fairy wing,
Pass soothingly along.

Butterflies go fluttering by,
Playthings of an hour;
Bees are busy gathering sweets
From each yielding flow'r.

Leaves are whispering, sweet and low,
A love-tale through the trees,
Over hill, and over dale
'Tis carried by the breeze.

Rainbow tints are cast around,
Whilst golden sunbeams fall
Upon the lovely scene, and shed
A radiance over all.

Incense from the flowers fills
The air with fragrance sweet,
Whilst a sense of joy steals o'er
Me in my calm retreat.

Violet.

THE spring-time came, and all was fair,
And hearts grew light and gay,
For with stern winter every care
Had seem'd to pass away;
The birds pour'd forth a jocund song
In woodland, copse and dell,
The streamlet gaily danced along,
Whilst golden sunbeams fell
And kissed its merry sparkling rills,
And glad seem'd all the earth,
Whilst gentle winds brought o'er the hills
A tale of joy and mirth.
In lowly spot, on that fair morn,
Rejoicings filled the air,
For there a tender bud was born,
A bud so sweet and fair.
It seemed as if some fairy hand
Had shaped its lovely form,
But oh! too fragile to withstand
Life's rude and bitter storm!

Whispers.

At eve, when all is silent,
When nature is at rest,
When flow'rs their lids are closing,
And songsters seek the nest,
'Tis then I love to wander,
And in sweet fancy dream,
While whispers low and tender
Come floating o'er the stream.

On wings of fairy zephyrs
They gently pass me by,
With joyous mirth and gladness,
Or with a mournful sigh.
One eve I stayed to listen
To what they had to tell,
And felt as if around me
Were cast some magic spell.

It may be but a fancy,
But whilst I lingered there
There came to me a love-tale
Upon the scented air;
I heard the lover's pleading,
I heard a tender sigh,
I heard the maiden whisper
A "yes" for her reply.

Soft music next came stealing
Towards me, sweet and clear,
Whilst wedding bells were ringing
These words came to my ear:
"To honour, love, and cherish,"
And then a faint "I will."
Then music, bells, and voices
Passed by, and all was still.

Dark shadows flitted by me,
The moon and stars grew pale,
And far across the valley
There came a piteous wail ;
A soul had just departed
To realms beyond the sky,
The fair young bride, now widowed,
Was left alone to sigh.

I thought her heart was breaking,
So fervent was her grief,
But no ! though tears were falling
Her heart had found relief !
A whisper came from heaven,
'Twas like an angel's voice,
They'd meet again it told her,
And bade her heart rejoice.

I stayed a little longer,
But broken was the spell,
Yet oft at eve I listen
To what the whispers tell.



At the Sea=Side.

A beautiful moonlit night,
A rugged and sea-kissed beach,
A dancing and glittering light,
As far as the eye can reach;
The rays of the moon fall down
In the sparkling sea to lave,
And settle a silver crown
On each feathery-crested wave.

The boats have been out to sea,
And weathered the storm and squall;
Brave hearts are now filled with glee,
Which tells of a goodly haul;
And watching the boats come in
Are fishermen bold and strong,
Who many a yarn can spin,
Or join in an old sea song.

And the boats arrive at last,
Safe stranded there each one lies;
The nets on the beach are cast,
Each filled with its glitt'ring prize;
And the nets are open spread,
Disclosing each one its prey,
And baskets are filled and led
In carts to the town away.

And the moon still shines on high,
And the sea, so sweetly calm,
Reflects the star-spangled sky,
Whilst the air breathes heavenly balm;
And solemnly grand it seems—
A kind of a strange unreal
Which comes to us but in dreams,
When slumbers our senses steal.

And watching the spells that weave,
 Two wondering maidens stand,
 Seeming half-inclined to leave,
 Yet lingering hand in hand—
 Fair nymphs of the sea they seem,
 Just come from some coral cave,
 Where the slanting moonbeams gleam
 Beneath the foam-crested wave—

Taking a peep at our world,
 Wond'ring at this strange place
 Which to their view is unfurled—
 Giving a glimpse of each face
 In payment for what they see—
 From eyes, which merrily dance,
 Happy the mortal must be
 Who catches a single glance.

Forms of a fairy-like grace,
 Zephyrs are greeting the pair,
 Kissing, alternate, a face
 And auburn and golden hair.
 And the moon that brightly shone
 Still shines on each feathery crest,
 The nymphs to their caves have gone,
 And the world has sunk to rest.



You and I.

THROUGH the meadows, side by side,
As we roam at eventide,
 You and I,
Melody, of fairy birth,
Full of happiness and mirth
 Passes by!

'Tis a song to love attuned,
'Tis a love by heav'n communed,
 Like a sigh
Fraught with pleasure, not with pain,
And we listen to the strain,
 You and I.

Through the fields of waving corn,
As we wander, love, at morn,
 You and I,
Tender whispers through the trees,
Carried on the sportive breeze,
 Pass us by!

And the message that they bring,
Tells that Joy, on Hope's bright wing,
 Now is nigh,
And the message, coming thus,
Seems as if 'twere meant for us,
 You and I!

As we roam through country lanes,
Where a peaceful quiet reigns,
 You and I,
Spring is bright with sunny days,
And the lark a hymn of praise
 Sings on high!

Nature's voices are the same,
 And the cuckoo's notes proclaim
 Summer's nigh !
 Let such peace with us abide,
 Ever roaming side by side,
 You and I.

As we linger by the stream,
 Where the fitful sunbeams gleam,
 You and I,
 And we watch it glide along,
 Whilst our hearts inhale the song
 Passing by.

Thus we seem to hear it say—
 "Life here will not last for aye,
 You must die !"
 Let us, then, life's meadows rove,
 With our hearts attuned to love,
 You and I.



To.....

WEEP—and let the tear-drops run
 Sparkling o'er the flowers;
 Laugh—and let the smiling sun
 Dance behind the showers.

Dream—a day dream sweet and fair,
 Whilst the heart uncloses;
 Love hath breathed upon the air,
 Scenting it with roses.

Sleep—and in the hour of rest,
 Angels guard thy sleeping;
 All the gladness in thy breast
 Taking to their keeping.

Wake—and let this be the song,
 In the winter weather:
 Love and Peace have passed along,
 Hand in hand together.

Lines written in an Album.

The people whom we often meet,
The people we have met,
And others whom with smiles we greet,
Pass by, and then forget,
Are but as flow'rs that sweetly bloom
In summer's fragrant time,
And die forgotten in the gloom
Of winter snows and rime.

But there are friends whom we have loved,
And some have dearer been,
Whose love and loyalty were proved
Ere partings came between.
Yet friendship's rare, and friends are few,
But in these pages clear,
May those who write their names for you
Be all of them sincere.

Bereaved.

'Twas in the early autumn days, the summer fast had
waned,
And gone had all the loveliness that had so briefly
reigned :
The buttercups and daisies and the flowers of rarer
birth,
The breeze that carried o'er the hills a tale of joy and
mirth ;
The zephyrs light that fann'd the leaves and made them
shake with glee,
The birds that sang a glad refrain that passed from tree
to tree ;
All, all had gone of happiness, of beauty and of love,
While nature's voices silent grew in woodland, copse
and grove ;
And like the scatter'd leaves, that on the ground a
covering spread,
Fond hopes, that seemed so bright and fair, were lying
sere and dead ;
The light and life that sported in the sun's warm genial
rays
Had fled with hasty steps before the darksome autumn
days ;
The autumn days, when sadness reigns, and nature seems
to weep,
When silent death steals o'er the land, and down the
mountain steep.
'Twas in a lowly cottage that an anxious mother wept
As sitting near a death-bed she a watchful vigil kept ;
Her only child was sleeping there, a girl of tender years,
No wonder that the mother's heart was brimming o'er
with tears !

The day had waned, and evening shadows gather'd
 'round the room,
 The dying embers in the grate but adding to the gloom.
 The child slept on, and whilst the mother wept 'mid
 broken sighs,
 A vision seemed to pass before her tear-dimm'd aching
 eyes ;
 Then all grew still, the sighs had ceased, stayed were the
 falling tears,
 Whilst memory wander'd back again through many
 weary years ;
 To days of childish innocence, when all things seemed
 so fair,
 When life was full of happiness, not knowing aught of
 care ;
 Back to the little homestead, quite a paradise on earth,
 Where peace, and love, and harmony joined hand in
 hand with mirth ;
 The quiet room, the table where the open bible lay,
 A happy couple sitting there with locks fast turning grey ;
 The curtains drawn, the candles lit when day drew to a
 close,
 The chapter and the evening prayer before they sought
 repose ;
 Back to her youthful days when heart and soul were close
 akin,
 Unsullied by a thought of wrong or touch of worldly
 sin ;
 Back to the days of maidenhood when life had newer
 charms
 That filled her heart with blissful hope or vexed with
 love's alarms ;
 Back to the stolen interviews when love and faith were
 strong,
 When heart and soul grew wide apart with doubts of
 right and wrong ;

Back to the quiet evening when, with mingled fear and
 bliss,
 She asked her parents' blessing as she gave the good-
 night kiss ;
 Back to the sleepless night when she for strength so
 vainly prayed,
 And felt that she, like Judas, gave the kiss and yet
 betrayed ;
 Back to the early morning when, with slow and stealthy
 tread,
 She crept down stairs and from her childhood's home
 and kindred fled ;
 Back to the hasty marriage and the new life then begun,
 Ere conscience had reproached her for the wrong that
 she had done ;
 Back to the whirl of gaiety, and pleasure's giddy reign,
 Ere longings for the bygone days had filled her heart
 with pain ;
 Back to a sad procession when it was too late to save
 The broken-hearted parents brought with sorrow to the
 grave ;
 Back to a wife deserted, left alone to weep and think,
 When he, who once had loved her so, had pledged
 himself to drink ;
 Back to the days of poverty, of weariness and dread,
 When loving words had passed away and curses came
 instead ;
 Back to the awful, bitter day, the darkest day of all,
 When news came of her husband's death, killed in a
 drunken brawl ;
 Back to the day but yesterday, when fear crept in her
 heart,
 When death drew near and kissed her child and bade its
 soul depart.
 The vision o'er, the mother knelt her down and prayed
 that night

That all the darkness in her soul might change to
 heavenly light ;
 And then she lit the table lamp, then prayed again, and
 wept
 Beside the death-bed of her child who yet so calmly
 slept.
 But hush ! her daughter's eyes unclosed, the sleeper
 gently stirs,
 Her arms are 'round her mother's neck, her lips are
 pressed to hers !
 Clasped in her mother's sweet embrace so lovingly she
 speaks :
 " Dear mother, you are weeping, tears are stealing down
 your cheeks ;
 I do not like to see the shadow resting on your brow,
 Then, mother, do not weep for me for Jesus wants me now.
 Dear mother, I've been thinking that before I go away
 I'd like to go to church again and hear the organ play ;
 I'd like to hear the parson preach, and hear him tell once
 more
 The story of my Saviour I so oft have heard before ;
 I'd like to hear the choir, and with them would like to
 sing
 The glorious hymns with which we used to make the
 whole place ring ;
 I'd like to hear the teacher read, and, in the schoolroom
 there,
 I'd like to meet the evening class, and kneel with them
 in prayer ;
 But, mother, I'm so tired, and again I want to sleep,
 But promise whilst I'm sleeping that for me you will not
 weep."

The moments passed, and silence reigned, no sound the
 stillness broke,
 The mother kissed the sleeping child—aroused, again
 she spoke :

"Dear mother, I've been dreaming, and I thought I was
 so well,
 And that I wander'd down the lane, and heard the vesper
 bell;
 Straight to the village church I went, the door was
 opened wide,
 And something seemed to lead me on and turn my steps
 inside;
 I sat down with the choir in my old accustomed place,
 I heard the parson's holy words, and saw his dear kind
 face;
 I heard the organ playing, and I sang, with all the rest,
 A hymn that told of sinners saved—the hymn I love the
 best;
 I thought an angel kissed me then, a crown of gold she
 wore,
 And then I woke to find it all a dream and nothing
 more.
 Dear mother, draw the curtains back, throw up the
 window, please,
 I hear the music once again borne on the evening
 breeze;
 There! don't you hear the joyful strain, the voices sweet
 and clear,
 And, mother, see a band of angels fair is drawing near!
 How beautiful the music sounds, so solemn, and so
 grand,
 And, see, they beckon me away to join the glorious band;
 They've brought for me a golden crown and robe of
 spotless white,
 And I'm to live with Jesus in His home of love and light;
 But we shall meet again up there, then, mother, do not
 cry,
 I'd like to see you smile again, just once before I die;
 The strains are floating heavenward and bear my soul
 away—

Oh, dearest mother, kiss me, for I can no longer stay.”
A loving kiss, a smile, a sigh, a soul to God had fled,
A mother sat and wept alone, her child, her all was
dead.



Beauty.

THERE'S beauty in each flashing light
That shoots across the skies,
But give to me, to stars of night,
The flash of two bright eyes.

'TIS sweet to see a pretty face,
But sweeter far to view
Two loving eyes, and in them trace
A heart that's warm and true.

There's beauty in the vinal bands
That twine with loving clasp,
But give to me two honest hands
Close locked in honest grasp.

There's beauty in the sun that dips
To kiss the ocean's breast,
But oh! a kiss from loving lips
Will soothe the heart to rest!

There's beauty where the ivy clings
As if 'twere death to part,
But give to me the joy that springs
From out a faithful heart.

There's beauty in the blushing rose
So rich with fragrant wealth,
But there's a richer beauty glows—
The rosy hue of health.

There's sweetness in the merry sound
When listening to the birds,
But sweeter music may be found
In kind and loving words.

There's beauty in a heart of mirth,
But, though the world we roam,
The greatest beauty found on earth
Is in a happy home.

But things of beauty pass away
With worldly cares and strife,
There is but one that lives for aye—
The beauty of a life.



The Rocky Stream.

THERE bounded along, o'er a rocky path,
Where sunbeams delighted to play,
A bright laughing stream, but a voice so sad,
Passed with it and seemed to say—

“The world is a pathway of rocks and stones,
And Life is the stream that flows,
In sunshine and shadow it journeys along,
And terminates in——,” Who Knows?

St. Valentine's Day.

WHAT a day it is for Cupid,
 With his quiver full of darts !
 Rich and poor, the wise, the stupid,
 Old and young, too, feel their smarts.

Some receive the smart with pleasure,
 Others feel it but a sting !
 True love is a priceless treasure,
 Other doth but sorrow bring.

'Tis the time, with loving token,
 Lovers may their vows exchange,
 Telling of a faith unbroken,
 That their love will never change.

So, to-day, ye maids and lovers,
 Emblems of your love send forth ;
 Oft a doubting heart discovers
 In a trifle wondrous worth !

Some may send a fairy grotto
 Wherein dwell two turtle-doves,
 Underneath, a loving motto—
 Some a scarf, or pair of gloves.

Some may send a bunch of roses,
 Laid on silk of lustrous sheen,
 Which unfold and Love discloses,
 Like a "transformation scene."

Some may send a tender pleading
 Of a love before untold,
 All propriety unheeding,
 Proving thus that "Love is bold !"

Some may send a heart on fire
 With an arrow to the core;
 Meaning that through all things dire
 Love will burn for ever more!

Some may send a little trinket,
 Calling it a lover's charm,
 Superstitious ones may think it
 Shields their love from every harm.

Some prefer to write a letter,
 Promptings of a loving heart,
 Such a course may e'en be better,
 Greater joy it may impart.

Some may send, and deem it funny,
 Something that they know will sting—
 Silly fools! 'tis ill-spent money,
 Sending such a worthless thing.

Many ways there are of laying
 Offerings at young Cupid's shrine;
 With the rest I join in paying
 Homage to St. Valentine.



A Birthday Greeting.

“MANY happy returns of the day”

Is my greeting:

As the joy of a friend far away

· Again meeting!

“Many happy returns—,” dear old words

Learnt in childhood:

As sweet as the songs of the birds

In the wild wood.

“Many happy returns—,” each word tells

Of joy coming:

As a ray of bright sunshine dispels

Shadows looming!

“Many happy returns—,” oh, how sweet

Such a greeting!

With all that it speaks may you meet

Through years fleeting.

Wax Lights.

Ha'p'ny a box, sir ; two for a penny, sir ; buy, sir, if you
please ;
I'm tired and want to go home, sir, but cannot before I
sell these ;
I've been out since six this morning, and had nothing
to eat all day,
And I dare not go home to-night, sir, without taking
plenty of pay ;
For father'll be there to meet me, and take all the
money I've made,
But he'll beat me with his stick, sir, if I haven't done
plenty of trade ;
He'll drink all the money away, sir, and mother she
drinks as well,
But that she isn't my real mother, I mus'n't forget to
tell.
Oh, yes, my own mother is dead, sir, it happen'd six
years ago ;
I'll tell you all about it, sir, that is, if you'd like to know.
We lived in a little cottage, sir, with everything nice and
clean—
I really cannot help crying, sir, when I think what might
have been.
We then were happy and cheerful, sir, and home was
fair and bright,
For father had plenty of work, and brought his wage
home each Friday night.
Very happy indeed, but many a time too happy it seem'd
to me—
I then should be eight years old, sir, and the eldest one
of three ;
And Jim he was the next one, then Alice, a beautiful
child,

It seemed as if the angels, sir, upon her face had smiled;
Her cheeks were like two roses, and her skin was soft
and white,

Her hair as if the sun on it had shed its golden light;
But people would often tell us she too pretty was to live,
That God did only lend such joys, they were too great to
give.

And Jim was as fine a boy, sir, as any need wish to meet,
But he one day got run over, sir, while playing out in the
street,

And somebody carried him home, sir, and I know I
began to cry—

It was the first beginning of trouble, sir, that bringing
Jim home to die;

Mother's face turned white as snow, sir, when the dread-
ful news she heard,

And father was that cut up, sir, that he could not speak
a word.

Then Alice, our beautiful Alice, was taken ill one day,
And it seem'd to be coming true, sir, what people used
to say;

She linger'd a week or more, sir, and she seem'd to get
so thin,

That to keep her away from heaven seem'd to us to be a
sin.

God called our darling from us, and her spirit went out
to Him,

And they laid her in the little grave alongside brother
Jim.

Mother's face I shall never forget, sir, it looked so pale
and queer

That night when father came home and said that he had
had some beer;

Yes, trouble had done its work, sir, and father had taken
to drink,

And mother was taken poorly, sir, and quickly began to sink.

We thought our troubles were great, sir, but oh, they had scarcely begun,

For father next lost his work, and our things went one by one.

Mother called of me one day, sir, to the bed where she was lying,

And taking my hand in hers, sir, she told me she was dying;

She told me to be good, sir, and to put my trust in Him,
That then He'd some day call me to go see Alice and Jim;

She gave me a beautiful blessing, with her hand laid on my head,

But I was too young to know, sir, the meaning of all she said.

The doctor said 'twas a lung disease that snapped her life apart,

But don't you think with me, sir, the disease was a broken heart?

When mother was taken away, sir, the place seemed cold and bare,

And I heard no voice but father's, and that was to curse and swear.

Then father married again, sir, and since then no friend I've had—

My own mother was kind and good, sir, but this one is cruel and bad.

I'd rather be taken to mother, sir, than go back home to-night,

But my life is not my own, sir, to take it would not be right,
So, weary, I home shall go, sir, as soon as I've sold all these—

Ha'p'ny a box, sir; two for a penny, sir; buy, sir, if you please.

A Box of Matches.

ON coming across an ancient box
 With corners of brass and patent locks,
 Curiosity sharpened, I wanted to see
 What the box contained, so procured the key,
 And turning the locks, and removing the catches,
 I found it was filled to the summit with matches !

The box once belonged to one Mrs. Flint,
 And matches she made without any stint;
 The material she used was flesh and not wood,
 And some of her matches were bad and some good;
 She made them for bashful young girls, and for shy
 men,
 Or rather for lighting the torches of Hymen !

I took one haphazard, and read it with shame,
 For I saw that the flint had raised such a flame
 In the breast of a girl, unsuspecting of wrong,
 Who had placed her whole faith on a light that ere
 long
 Began first to wane, then to flicker, then tire,
 And she found out the danger of playing with fire.

The next was a match that, as soon as 'twas struck,
 Broke into a blaze of most brilliant luck !
 It was of a young couple who, wedded for life,
 Passed through the ordeal without anger or strife ;
 Their lives not a fiery flash cast a glimpse on,
 Like a vesta that has not been headed with brimstone.

The next plainly shewed Mrs. Flint sought to catch
 Two opposite natures for making a match !
 The heart of the lover love's fire had burned,
 But it seemed that the maid his advances had spurned,

She scorned his addresses, yet not at all raved he—
 'Tis the match that won't strike that's attended with
 safety.

The next was a story of old age and youth,
 But this was a match quite regardless of truth,
 For gold *versus* beauty all sympathy lacks—
 One all flicker, the other one moulded in wax
 Doth steadily burn like a well-lighted taper,
 While the flicker goes out with a puff and a caper!

The next one I read was a too common match,
 One with plenty of fire and plenty of scratch!
 Two lives closely tied, yet in nature unlike,
 They kept up between them a continual strike!
 Such matches as these had much better be null, for
 They savour too much of the regions of sulphur.

I next took a handful and looked at a few,
 There were good and bad samples, but all of them
 true;

But having no time any more to peruse,
 I collected the lot and applying a fuse,
 In a volume of smoke, and a number of flashes,
 The whole box of matches reduced I to ashes.



Found in the Snow.

Where am I? And who are you, sir? How cold! Ah,
yes, I know;

I was weary and footsore with walking, and I sank down
in the snow.

I've walked a long way to-day, sir, and rested against
this tree—

Poor woman! you're kind indeed, sir, to pity the likes of
me.

To your home! It is now too late, sir, for my end is
drawing nigh,

And I think if you knew my life you would leave me
alone to die!

You wouldn't! Indeed you are good, sir; oh, would
there were more like you,

The world would be happier, and many would then have
less cause to rue.

What! tell you my story! I will, sir, but do not turn
from me, I pray,

I've suffered a deal, as you'll know, sir, when you've
heard what I have to say,

And if you think fit you can tell it, that is when I'm laid
at rest—

Just raise me a little—oh, thank you for resting my head
on your breast.

I lived up there, at the hall, sir,—you start! and you
know me now!

But let me go on with my story, time is short as you
must allow:

As I said, I lived there, at the hall, sir, a careless and
happy child,

And I knew not the meaning of trouble, joy alone on my
life had smiled.

So the years passed on, happy years to me, then a
change came over my life,

I'd a secret, sir ; 'twas a new-born charm, and romance
in my heart was rife.

I wandered the wood one morning, and here, at this very
spot,

I met him, and, oh, that meeting I have never yet once
forgot !

That I met him again and again, sir, I think there's no
need to tell—

'Tis the old, old story ; I loved, sir, not wisely, but, oh,
too well !

Of our meetings I'd not to tell, sir ; he'd a reason for
that, he said ;

I agreed, but far better for me had I listened to duty
instead.

He told me he loved me only and would through the
future years,

I believed in his words, but often my heart would grow
heavy with fears.

So our meetings went on till at last, sir, he asked me
with him to fly,

But I thought of my father and mother, sir, and then I
began to cry.

He soothed me with loving words, sir, and I felt that I
loved him so,

That before we parted that night I had promised with
him to go !

It was Christmas Eve, seven years ago, that I took that
midnight flight—

Oh ! the workings of Heaven are just, sir—'tis just seven
years to-night !

I stole from my home like a thief, sir, and a pang shot
across my heart,

As I thought of the ties of affection I seemed to be
tearing apart ;

And I tried to ask Heaven for strength, but I could only
 utter a cry,
 As upwards I gazed, and saw nothing but a cold and
 relentless sky.
 He met me and spoke words of comfort, which chased
 all my fears away,
 And we travelled the whole of that night, sir, and part of
 the following day.
 Then the new life began, I enjoyed it, 'twas a life full of
 pleasure to me,
 And I never once thought of my folly, my heart was too
 joyous and free.
 And then, I wrote home, sir, to tell them how happy I
 was, but in vain,
 For they never once answered my letters though I wrote
 still again and again.
 So a twelvemonth passed by, then I found, sir, that he
 who had led me astray
 Was tiring at last, and I saw, sir, his love was quick
 passing away ;
 Till one day, in a passion, he left me as he told me that I
 was free,
 And I waited and watched for his coming, but he never
 came back to me.
 The whole truth of the wrong I had done flashed as
 lightning across my brain,
 But I thought of my child—yes, a boy, sir—and the
 thought eased my heart of its pain.
 But an illness came on, yes, a long one ; brain fever it
 was, so they said,
 And when I was able to bear it they told me my baby
 was dead !
 Left alone in the world, not a friend, sir, I tried to get
 something to do,
 But I'd not been accustomed to work, and they all
 seemed to know it too.

How I wished, oh, how often I wished, sir, that I in my illness had died,

But I thought to myself, why live, and I went to the river side !

I once more tried to ask Heaven for strength, but again saw that pitiless sky,

And I turned from the place like a coward, for I had not the courage to die.

After then ! Ah, me ! I was mad, sir, and reckless, and never could tell

How it was that I lost all my pride, but I seemed not to care, and I fell.

Five years I have lived—but there, sir, if it has been a life of shame,

I've been punished enough, and indeed, sir, I think I was not all to blame.

But to make a long story short, sir, I felt that my end was near,

And I wanted once more to look on the faces I loved so dear ;

I wanted my father's blessing, and I wanted my mother's kiss—

What ! *you* will give it me for them ! Heaven bless you, sir, for this.

When I'm gone, will you give this to mother ? that at least, sir, is undefiled,

It's a locket containing my portrait, one taken when I was a child.

No, I cannot pray ; I've forgotten, sir, the prayers that in childhood I knew—

Oh, yes, if you'll say one for me I'll repeat it, sir, after you :—

*“ Forgive a repentant sinner that in Thee I at peace may live ;
O Father in Heaven have mercy, for the sake of Thy Son
forgive.”*

Ah, yes, that has done me good, sir, for my heart does
not feel so sad ;

God is good, and I think He's heard it, although I
have been so bad.

Hark! the bells! it is Christmas morning, and they
summon my soul away,

I am passing through Night's gloomy portals to the light
of Eternal Day.

Oh, father, oh, mother, forgive me—seven years ago—
just seven—

Good bye, sir, and tell them at home I found a rest at
last in Heaven.

What! *you* are my father! thank Heaven! and you've
heard all I have had to tell—

Take me close to your heart and kiss me, and kiss me
for mother as well.

Oh, yes, I am perfectly happy, and am now not afraid to
die,

For I know I am now forgiven, and my home is beyond
the sky.



A Happy Christmas.

A CHRISTMAS greeting when the postman knocks—
A present, called by some a "Christmas box"—
A mind at peace, a heart that is content—
A day that has been well and wisely spent—
A table laden well with Christmas fare,
Good health and temper for the good things there—
A nature kind to think it not too tame
To join the children in some Christmas game—
A room unlighted when the darkness falls,
And mystic shadows dancing on the walls—
A crackling yule-log placed within the grate,
Emitting sparks that seem with joy elate—
Doors fastened, keeping out the cold and snow—
A fire casting forth a ruddy glow,
Which, all around, a rosy hue doth shed—
A room bedecked with berries white and red,
With holly varied, and with evergreen—
A family gathering, making glad the scene
As, 'round the blazing yule-log sat, each one
Provoketh laughter with some harmless fun—
A thought of pity for the poor who know
No Christmas cheer, nor fire's ruddy glow—
All these, and each made pure with thought divine,
A happy Christmas then indeed is thine.

On receiving a piece of Bride=Cake.

O WEDDING-CAKE, now laid before me,
 You are delicious to the taste!
 The love-lorn maiden does adore thee,
 And seeks your season with much haste!

Of Love's sweet draught she drinks full measure,
 And pictures an enchanted scene,
 To then, perhaps, repent at leisure,
 And wish that love had never been!

Whilst thinking of Life's many phases,
 Of all its doubts of wrong and right,
 Fond fancy for a moment raises
 This picture to my inner sight:

A simple maiden, sentimental,
 With trusting heart at once "to let,"
 True love to be the yearly rental,
 She caring nothing more to get!

Until at last there comes the lover,
 With speeches fine for willing ear,
 And earth seems fair as heaven above her,
 Without a shadow or a fear.

Then follow pleasant lovers' meetings,
 Until at last is named the day;
 And then the neighbours' kindly greetings
 For love and happiness for aye.

At last the wedding day—a carriage,
 An ending of the girlish life;
 A visit to the church—a marriage,
 A blushing, smiling, happy wife.

A parting from each dear relation,
 To live with one her heart did choose;
 Now speeding to the railway station
 Amid a shower of rice and shoes.

A wedding-cake, cut up in slices,
 With smaller pieces sent away;
 'Tis but a taste, but quite suffices
 To bring good luck as people say.

A honeymoon passed o'er in pleasure,
 A coming back to worldly cares,
 Perhaps to find out, at her leisure,
 Her married life is sown with tares!

A twelvemonth hence she sits in sorrow,
 A shadow o'er her life is cast,
 Her daily pray'r being that the morrow
 May glimmer of the happy past.

Ye love-lorn maidens pray take warning,
 And say not "yes" before you sleep,
 For if you wait until the morning
 You then may have less cause to weep.

All you who would accept the fetter
 Should well in mind the part rehearse,
 For marriage may be all for better,
 And yet it may be all for worse.



My Darling.

My darling does my heart illume,
She is so sweetly fair !
Her cheeks are like the peach's bloom,
And silken is her hair.

Rich sunny ringlets crown her head,
And frame her bonny face ;
In every heart a joy is shed
With all her childish grace.

She has a pair of dainty feet,
And such a dainty hand
She lays in mine whene'er we meet,
And—well, you understand !

She has a pair of sweet blue eyes,
Which rove about so sly,
And when I talk she nods replies
As if she were so shy.

My darling has such winning ways,
And has a smile so sweet,
And pretty little things she says
Whene'er we chance to meet.

You ask, who can my darling be !
Ah, well, it must be told
That Alice is her name, and she
Is only three years old !

Snowflake.

A SNOWFLAKE fell, all pure and white,
Upon the ground it lay;
The sun looked down with smile so bright,
The snowflake passed away.
So doth the pure and tender light
Of heaven descend this day,
To cheer the weary life, ere night
Shall come with shadows grey.

A Portrait.

ONLY two eyes of cerulean blue,
Reflecting a soul that is pure and true,
Roving and sparkling with mischief and fun,
Merry as wavelets that leap in the sun.

Only two lips that are temptingly sweet,
Giving a pleasure whenever they greet,
Rippling with laughter so joyous and glad,
Acting as sunshine on hearts that are sad.

Only a smile that illumines the face,
Lit with the light of a heavenly grace,
Sweet as the flowers that nod to the sun,
Smiling a welcome for every one.

Only a face that an artist might paint,
Type of the beauty—Madonna, or saint,
Looking so happy, no sign of a care,
Only a face for an angel to wear.

Only a head rippling over with curls,
Womanly seeming, yet only a girl's,
Proud with the purity crowning its youth,
Bending alone in the presence of Truth.

Only a voice, as the bright laughing rills,
Free as the wind coming over the hills,
Gladsome and gay as it echoes along,
Tender in speaking and plaintive in song.

Only a heart, as it throbs in a breast,
Offering to Love a perpetual rest—
Only a love that is tenderly given,
Touched with the glory and sweetness of heaven.

Only a portrait! 'tis all that is left—
Only a memory! of all else bereft—
Living in picture, in thought, and in heart,
Thus her fair image will never depart.



A Plateful of Romance.

THERE stands a little cot,
Beneath a spreading tree,
Just such a lovely spot
As one need wish to see.

In summer, on its eaves,
The birds do sit and sing,
But with the falling leaves
To other climes take wing.

It has a garden trim
Where perfumed flowers grow,
Except when winter grim
Doth cover all with snow.

A maiden once lived there,
And she had eyes of blue,
And braids of golden hair,
And cheeks of rosy hue.

Her life was bright, and she
Was happy all day long ;
Her heart was glad and free
As lark's most joyous song.

But on a certain day
A change in her took place !
A Knight rode by that way
And saw the maiden's face.

But he was in disguise,
And thought thus to deceive !
But in the maiden's eyes
He favour did receive.

And oh! she loved him well,
 And oh! she loved him true,
 But words could never tell
 Such love, so deep it grew!

He praised her golden hair,
 He filled her heart with bliss,
 He told her she was fair,
 And asked her to be his.

Her heart he woo'd and won,
 Begged her with him to flee,
 And swore by moon and sun
 He'd ever constant be!

Her love too pure to stray,
 She scorned the proffered flight—
 The Knight then went away,
 In far-off lands to fight.

She, waiting, never heard
 Since when he did depart,
 There came no sign, no word,
 To ease her aching heart!

The roses left her cheeks,
 The lustre left her eye—
 'Tis one of Cupid's freaks
 For love to pine and die.

When summer-time had fled,
 And winter cold did reign,
 The fair young maid lay dead,
 And death had stilled her pain.

They laid her in a grave,
 And left her all alone
 Where willows sadly wave,
 With just a little stone

To mark the spot and tell
 Her name to passers-by,
 And none who saw could quell
 The rising tear and sigh !

A year passed by, or more,
 A horseman came that way,
 Two spurs of gold he wore,
 And he in bright array ;

It was the Knight come back,
 And to the cot he sped,
 Alas ! and oh, alack !
 To find his love was dead !

He sought the churchyard drear,
 The snow was on the ground,
 He wandered there and here,
 Then saw the stone and mound.

He shed some silent tears,
 Which eased his heart of pain ;
 He vowed, in coming years,
 To never love again !

He left the sacred spot,
 And from that very day
 The people knew him not,
 For he had gone for aye.

* * * *

'This tale's not true one whit !
 And so I ought to state
 From what I fashioned it—
 A painting on a plate.



A Birthday Greeting.

I COULD not let thy birthday pass
Without a word of greeting !
With changeful years, and life, alas,
So swiftly o'er us fleeting.

For oft a little word, once said,
Will make a burden lighter,
And looking back to years long dead
Reflect a moment brighter.

And so a word from me, to-day,
May help to make thee cheerful,
And comfort thee, as sunlit ray,
In moments dark and tearful.

Then mayst thou find to-day a joy
Around thy heart caressing,
A joy that knoweth no alloy,
But fraught with every blessing.

By the River.

By the river sits a maiden,
Where the waters kiss her feet,
And the air with sounds is laden,
Sounds so sad, and yet so sweet.
From the wood, and copse, and dingle,
Comes the warblers' merry song,
And the river's murm'rings mingle,
As it gaily flows along.

And the buttercups and daisies
Nod their heads upon the bank,
And the lark their beauty praises,
Though they are of lowly rank.
Everything is bathed in glory,
And the wind from tree to tree
Tells the leaves some quaint old story,
And they shake themselves with glee.

And the maiden's thoughts are drifting
To the World of Fancy, where
She, unto the skies uplifting,
Builds her castles in the air.
And the breezes come to woo her,
Come upon the river's breast,
And they bring a message to her,
Telling of sweet peace and rest.

And the maiden, in her dreaming,
Raises up a picture fair,
As a ray of sunlight, gleaming,
Lends a brightness to despair.
What strange fancies thoughts inspire!
This the maiden paints in space
Must be all her soul's desire,
Judging from her love-lit face!

Hark! a faint splash in the water,
Yet the little trifling sound
Back again to earth has brought her—
Fall her castles to the ground!
But a pebble and a bubble
Breaks the maiden's thoughtful stream,
Even as a sudden trouble
Breaks a life's long happy dream.

Sits the maiden disenchanted,
Till at once she is surprised,
On her lips a kiss is planted,
And her dream is realised.
At her side now sits her lover,
Nature's voices all astir,
Love may live in Heaven above her.
Earth holds love enough for her.



A Portrait.

LIKE a lily, tall and fair, she stands,
With all a lily's simple grace—
In her, as bud to lovely flow'r expands,
Sweet budding womanhood we trace.

She has a face so young, so sweet and fair,
Which tells the heart is free from guile,
Surmounted by a fringe of curling hair—
A face that charms with winning smile.

She has a pair of tender loving eyes,
Yet lurking there is mischief's light—
Dreamy and soft as blue unclouded skies,
Or sparkling like the stars of night.

She has a voice, with music in its tone,
So tender in its every word
That other hearts, though feeling sad and lone,
Rejoice whene'er that voice is heard.

She has a pair of sweet and tempting lips,
From which gay laughter ripples forth,
There bees might long to take, in honied sips,
A nectar of such fragrant worth.

But best of all, she has a loving heart
Beating for each within her breast,
And thinking that I own one little part
I leave to dearer ones the rest.

Elsie Gray :

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

THE night was dark and chilly, and the clouds were hanging low,

And people said ere long there'd be a heavy fall of snow,

And so they hurried onward, eager faces passing by,
'Twas Christmas Eve, and each one had some little thing to buy.

Shop windows blazed with light, and offered tempting things for sale,

And happy faces gathered 'round, and faces wan and pale,

While people, laden with good things, passed quickly on their way,

Perchance to make some poor heart glad upon the Christmas day.

And so the hours passed along, and silent grew each street,

As to each home they wandered all the merry, bustling feet ;

'Twas then a childish face was seen—a sad and wistful face,

And in the tear-stained cheek, a childish sorrow one might trace.

It was a toy-shop window, that the child had lingered by,
And gazing on the painted things, it heaved a bitter sigh;
Poor child, it was a tempting feast that lay before its eyes,

Each bauble quite a wondrous thing, each little toy a prize.

No one to love her, none to love, her home was in the
 street,
 No glowing fire-side had she to warm her tiny feet ;
 No soft and cosy bed in which her weary self to lay,
 To-night a lonely Christmas waif was little Elsie Gray.

She was a lovely, fair-haired child, with blue and honest
 eyes,
 A face that angels might have wished to have beyond
 the skies ;
 A wanderer in the streets, yet none could tell from
 whence she came,
 They only knew that she was there, that Elsie was her
 name.

And as she stood and gazed upon the things that seemed
 so grand,
 A stranger passed and placed a doll into her tiny
 hand,
 A noble action, some would say, but then, ah, no, 'twas
 naught,
 A passing act of kindness, done, perhaps, without a
 thought !

The child looked up, the man was gone, but had he
 stayed to speak,
 He would have seen two silent tears steal down the pale
 wan cheek ;
 O man, pass on, you may have sinned, and may have
 ceased to pray,
 But those two lonely tears will help to wash the stain
 away.

Poor Elsie cared no longer for the windowful of toys,
 A doll was all her heart's desire, the chiefest of her joys,

She kissed the little stranger, and she clasped it to her
heart,
Although she from a mother never learnt a mother's
part.

She cared not now for chilly winds, nor feared the
storm's alarms,
She seemed to think of nothing but the doll laid in her
arms ;
Though hungered, cold, and weary, as she turned her
steps away,
Yet none that night had heart so light as little Elsie
Gray !

She wandered down the silent street and stayed awhile
to rest,
And soon her eyes were closed in sleep, the doll laid on
her breast ;
Unconscious of the frosty air that kissed the fevered
face—
O Father, watch the sleeping child, and shield it with
Thy grace.

And so the silent hours passed till far into the night,
When snow began to quickly fall and clothe the earth
in white,
But snow may fall, and storms may rage, and chilly
winds may blow,
For Elsie sleeps the sleep of death beneath the cruel
snow.

The morning dawned—a Christmas morn—and all
things seemed so fair,
The bells rang out a joyous peal, and gladness filled the
air ;

“A merry Christmas” greeting passed as friend with
 friend did meet,
 And once again the streets were thronged with merry,
 bustling feet.

The sun sent down his rays to play upon the crystal
 snow,
 And soon it felt the power of their tender, genial glow,
 And as it almost silently, yet slowly, passed away,
 To passers-by there was revealed the form of Elsie Gray.

A stranger’s hand it was that raised her from her place
 of rest,
 A stranger’s hand that found the doll locked closely to
 her breast,
 The smile that she had smiled on it still lingered on her
 face
 With not a sign of suffering, of sorrow not a trace !

“Christians Awake” rang on the air, “Peace and
 goodwill on earth,”
 And people stood a moment there and checked their
 joyous mirth ;
 “Poor child !” they spoke in pity as they looked and
 turned away,
 Forgetting in their happiness the fate of Elsie Gray.

They laid her in a lonely grave, no stone to mark the
 spot,
 But if she be forgotten here, ah, well, it matters not ;
 No one to love her, none to love, on earth she had no
 friend,
 And so her soul went out to Him, her Christmas Day to
 spend.

The years have quickly passed away, again 'tis Christmas
time,

And gladness rings upon the air with every Christmas
chime,

But let us in our happiness this happy, holy day,

Just give a sympathetic thought to little Elsie Gray.



The Soul's Heaven.

OH! why do those relentless eyes,
Which lend such beauty to her face,
Thus make my soul's emotions rise,
And cause my heart to leave its place?

The reason's plain—beneath their light
A soul enchained hath loosed its bond,
And if my own could there unite,
For heaven I would not look beyond!

My soul would taste this perfect bliss,
Nor seek in other realms to rove,
Nor would it ask for more than this,
For Love is Heaven, and Heaven is Love.

For Evermore.

I WOULD not, love, forget thee,
 Though thou wert most unkind,
 I simply do regret thee,
 And what is left behind!

The sun may kiss the flowers,
 And clouds may come between,
 But with the passing showers
 The sun again is seen.

And thus the Past all joyous,
 The Present, darkened pain,
 The Future may decoy us
 To meet and love again!

But be that as it may, love,
 My heart is still with thee,
 And I can only pray, love,
 That thine may beat for me.

In sleeping or in waking,
 I know not which is best,
 But though my heart is aching
 With such a wild unrest,

I would not, love, forget thee,
 Nor what hath passed before,
 I simply do regret thee
 Now, and for evermore.

A Fragment.

THOUGH I in distant lands may roam,
 Apart from those I love the best,
My thoughts will on the shores of home,
 In sweet remembrance find a rest.

Night.

REST on me dark eyes of splendour,
Let me bask within thy light,
Earnest, loving, dreamy, tender,
Deep, unfathomed, sweetest night !

Take with all thy magic darkness,
Take, oh, take the world away,
If thou only with thy brightness,
Hov'rest o'er my life for aye !

Rosebud.

WITHIN a bunch of flowers,
Kissed by the summer showers,
A modest rosebud cowers.
 Poor little rosebud !

A maiden holds them loosely,
And kisses them profusely,
Nor keeps the rosebud closely,
 Poor little rosebud !

Alone, and crushed, and dying,
Where winds are softly sighing,
Is, by the wayside lying,
 Poor little rosebud !

To-day and To-morrow.

“My heart is full of tears,
 My soul is full of sorrow,”
 To-day's uncertain fears
 Are weeping for to-morrow.

But though the past hath been,
 To-morrow may be never,
 There then is no between,
 And 'tis to-day for ever!

As in the silent night,
 When all the world is sleeping,
 So is an absent light
 My soul in darkness keeping.

But though alone and sad,
 I would not be regretting,
 For then of moments glad
 I too might be forgetting!

And so the gladsome past,
 Before our lives were parted,
 No cloud shall overcast
 To leave me more sad-hearted.

“My heart is full of tears,
 My soul is full of sorrow,”
 But bygone, happy years
 Shall win a calm to-morrow.

Queen of my Heart.

FAREWELL, sweet love, once more we part,
 But still 'tis not with pain,
 I take thine image in my heart
 Where it as queen shall reign!

None other there shall rule but thee,
 None other share its throne,
 For thou art all the world to me,
 I love but thee alone!

So winning in thy every way,
 So radiant dost thou shine,
 That 'twere a pleasure to obey
 The smallest wish of thine!

The world's a garden fair to see,
 And filled with flowers rare,
 And from them all I single thee
 As fairest of the fair!

Thy heart is like the budding rose,
 Its beauty half concealed,
 Till Love its petals doth uncloze,
 Then is each charm revealed!

Such type of beauty cannot be
 In fairest faces seen
 As this which I have found in thee,
 My life, my love, my queen!

Love, the Rose, and the Maiden.

As Love was roaming forth one day,
By some mischance he lost his way;
He wandered on with fear opprest,
But could not find a place of rest;
As night drew nigh, alarmed he grew,
So o'er a garden wall he flew;
He there beheld a lovely rose,
And thought within he'd seek repose,
So, ere the leaves could close, he crept
Into its heart, and soundly slept.

When morning came full bright and clear,
A maiden to the rose drew near,
And plucked it, then with gentle care
She laid it on her bosom fair;
Soon yielding to the morning sun
Its leaves unfolded one by one,
When Love stepped forth in glad surprise,
With mischief lurking in his eyes,
And fitting to his bow a dart,
He aimed it at the maiden's heart;
She blushed, then fled in great dismay,
While Love he laughed and flew away.

Ring out, ye Bells.

RING out, ye bells, a merry peal
Upon this Christmas morn,
Ring out, and to the world reveal
That Christ this day is born.

Ring out, and tell each wandering soul,
Though weary be the strife,
For those who seek to reach the goal
He brings eternal life.

Ring out, and tell the rich, the poor,
And those who sin and fall,
That Christ is waiting at the door
With peace for one and all.

Farewell, my Heart.

FAREWELL, my heart! where dost thou go?
Where findest thou thy rest?
I'd have thee go and dwell within
Some fond and loving breast!

Farewell, my heart! a last farewell,
For thee I must resign!
But what is this responsive beat
I feel in place of thine?

Ah, yes! it is another's heart,
Whose pulses beat for me!
Go then, my heart, and beat for her,
For she my love shall be!

Kisses.

GIVE me a kiss, love, oh give me a kiss,
 Give it me freely, nor think it amiss;
 If in the giving you find any pain,
 Then, if you wish, I'll return it again.
 Nay, do not chide, for to you I will prove
 Kisses are but the endearments of love :
 Mountains and valleys, the rivers and streams,
 Each one is kissed by the sun's golden beams ;
 Flowers of beauty, and flowers less fair,
 Kissed are they all by the sweet perfumed air ;
 In the wild storm, too, the boisterous wind,
 Blustering along, leaves its kisses behind ;
 When day is o'er and the stars gently peep,
 Deepening shadows kiss the earth then to sleep ;
 When the fair morn comes in glittering dress
 Nature awakes to receive its caress.
 Kissed is the heart with a kiss from above,
 Bless'd is that heart with that sweet kiss of love.
 All things are kissed, from the earth to the sky,
 Why should they then be more favoured than I ?
 Give me a kiss, love, once more I appeal—
 What! you refuse it! then one I must steal.
 Greater the pleasure will be for delay—
 Kisses are sweetest when stolen, they say.

Impertinence.

I MET a bonny maiden,
A maiden young and fair,
Bright gleams of golden sunshine
Were lurking in her hair.

The wanton breezes, passing.
Were sporting with each tress,
Then, growing bolder, giving
Her lips a soft caress.

Oh! would I were the sunshine,
Oh! would I were the breeze,
That I this bonny maiden
Might kiss whene'er I please!

The Bird and the Song.

(AFTER LONGFELLOW.)

I SENT a bird up into the air,
It flew afar I knew not where,
For who can have so keen a sight
That it can follow a bird's swift flight?

I breathed a song—a song of love
Into the air, and it soared above,
And settling on a cloudlet's crest
It sailed away to the Golden West.

The bird came back in the fall of spring
And sang again as it used to sing,
And the song that sailed to the far-off West
I found again in a loving breast.

A Reflection.

LIFE is full of golden moments,
Ever flitting here and there!
In some hearts they fall but little,
Others get a greater share!

If they could but last for ever!
But to be of *all* bereft—
Better *once* than coming never,
There is then remembrance left!

Rosebud.

TENDER rosebud, fair and lovely,
 Rich in hue and fragrance sweet,
 Though I search among the flowers,
 I a fairer might not meet.

On your folded form glad Phœbus
 Looks and smiles with cheering eye;
 Dewdrops glisten on each petal,
 While soft breezes pass you by.

Tender rosebud, tell me truly,
 Is my love as sweet as you?
 Though she has your grace and beauty,
 Has she got a heart as true?

I will pluck you, be your answer
 If you no resistance make;
 If my love shall love me truly,
 She will wear you for my sake.

See—I've plucked you, favour'd omen,
 And I now am doubly blest,
 For upon my love's fair bosom
 You have found a place of rest.

Tender rosebud, fair and lovely,
 Though you sweet and fragrant be,
 Yet my love is sweeter, fairer,
 And her heart is true to me.

A Toast.

FILL the cup with sparkling wine
From the rich and purple vine.
 Fill to overflowing;
Drink to science, and the arts,
Drink until it love imparts,
 And sets the soul aglowing.

Do not stop the purple flow,
When the nectar sinketh low
 A fresh supply then summon;
Fill the goblet once again.
Raise it to the lips, and drain
 It dry to lovely woman.

My Love.

THE moon is fair to-night, my love,
But fairer still art thou,
And brighter are the sunny curls
That cluster on thy brow!

The stars are bright to-night, my love,
But brighter are thine eyes,
The tender love-light beaming there
Is soft as summer skies!

The songs are sweet to-night, my love,
But sweeter is thy voice,
Its melody so soft and low
Doth make my heart rejoice!

All nature smiles to-night, my love,
But radiant is thy face,
No wood-nymph can with thee compare
In beauty or in grace!

The moon and stars may change, my love,
The skies o'erclouded be,
And nature frown, but one true heart
Will ever beat for thee!

The Fisherman's Parting.

A FISHERMAN stood at his door to bid
 Farewell to the wife of his heart—
 United for only a week and a day,
 And now for a time they must part!

“Good-bye, little wife, good-bye for a time,”
 His voice was so cheerful and gay,
 But heavy and sad grew his heart as he thought
 Of the parting that might be for aye!

At her side he still lingered, unwilling to go,
 Yet he knew that the parting must be,
 So he kissed her pale face as he hastened away,
 And was soon lost to view on the sea.

“Good-bye,” in her heart, said the wife, when he'd gone,
 And she sent up to heaven a prayer,
 And such is the power of a simple faith
 That it lightened her heart of its care!

And the fisherman, out on the rolling deep,
 Never thought of the lonesome night,
 For the heart can be glad when the faith is strong,
 And love is the beacon-light!

O, the welcome, and joy, when the morning dawned,
 For the parting had seemed so brief!
 And their hearts were full of that perfect bliss
 That springs from a touch of grief.

A Fragment.

IN the hour of parting the heart is sad,
But, oh! when the parting is o'er,
The heart is sadder, for then we feel
That it may be for evermore!

But then, like the man who, in drowning, will catch
At a straw, at a spar, or a rope,
So we cling to the thought of uniting again,
And our straw is the words "Wait and hope."

After the Parting.

SLOWLY the vessel recedes from the shore,
 Parted are those who a moment before
 Grasped a loved hand ;
 Handkerchiefs wave, 'tis the final good-bye,
 Hearts are o'erflowing, and dimmed is each eye
 On deck and land !

Wider the distance is growing between,
 Far, far away the tall masts are now seen,
 Which fainter grow ;
 Tearful we gaze as they fast fade away—
 Gone ! 'Tis too late now to bid him to stay,
 Could we but know !

Here whilst I linger, sweet memory recalls
 Bright scenes gone by, and a dark shadow falls
 Over my heart.
 Oh ! do not stay in that strange land to roam,
 Come back again to the loved ones at home
 No more to part !

Music and the Heart.

THOU art indeed a power divine,
Comfort giving to hearts that pine ;
The shattered heart receives a balm
O music from thy wondrous charm ;
The heavy heart grows light and free,
The troubled one finds peace in thee,
And hardened hearts will, at thy voice,
Be softened, the distressed rejoice.
The hearts which study thee for fame
Do but immortalize thy name !
To some thou givest peace and rest,
But sometimes, in the dormant breast,
At sound of thee emotions rise,
Which tell of love and severed ties.
In every heart, in mortal breast,
Let music find a place of rest,
And let there music most divine
Dwell ever in this heart of mine.

A Summer's Morn.

THE shades of night have passed away,
The dawn proclaims a new-born day,
The birds with joy sing forth their praise,
And dewdrops, in the sun's bright rays,
Are glistening on each leaf and flower,
In garden, field, in hedge and bower,
And with a fragrance rich and rare,
Sweet perfumed flowers fill the air.
At length all nature seems to wake,
In praise of morn a part to take ;
The hedges, trees, and meadows green,
Are covered with a golden sheen.
Soft, gentle breezes pass along,
The air resounds with wondrous song,
The heart with joy grows light and free—
Bright summer's morn, all hail to thee.

The Origin of the Rose.

(FROM GESSNERR'S IDYLS.)

As Bacchus, with unsteady gait,
Was roaming forth one day,
A lovely nymph he chanced to see
With step so light and gay.

The merry fellow gave pursuit,
The maiden turned her head
And smiled, then like a startled fawn
From him she quickly fled.

A thorn bush caught her flowing robe,
Release she tried to seek,
But Bacchus ran to her with joy,
And softly touched her cheek.

"Be not so coy, fair maid," said he,
"I'm Bacchus, god of wine,
Come, give to me one kiss, fair nymph,
From those sweet lips of thine."

The maiden with deep awe inspired,
Could not deny him this,
So lifting up her blushing face,
She gave the wished-for kiss.

Then Bacchus to reward the bush,
For being a friend so true,
Turned round and touched it with his staff,
When lo! there sprang to view

Sweet flowers of the self-same hue
As the cheeks of this fair maid!
Thus for a kiss, the lovely rose
To Nature Bacchus paid.

The Fairest Flower.

A PRETTY little garden,
With beds so trim and neat,
Arranged with choicest flowers
Which send forth perfume sweet.

A pretty little maiden,
With bright and sunny hair,
And cheeks just like the roses,
And face so young and fair.

Then search among the flowers,
In garden or in bower,
And say, Is not the maiden
Herself the fairest flower?

To Amy.

OH! bring to me the Muse's lyre.
 That I may strike a' chord to thee;
 A chord that will my soul inspire
 With songs of sweetest minstrelsy.

And I will deem the Muse unkind
 If she doth not to me impart
 How all the wishes of my mind
 May find an impress on thy heart!

So I will sing a song of Peace,
 That knoweth naught of sighs nor tears;
 A song to bid all sorrow cease.
 And lead to rest in after years.

Then I will sing a song of Joy,
 A song to fill the heart with mirth;
 And wish that Time may ne'er destroy
 The gladness of thy life on earth.

And last of all, my song shall be
 A theme with Peace and Joy to blend,
 So I will sing of Love for 'thee
 That shall not die till life shall end.

The Star Eternal.

— —

'Twas o'er a sea of wild delight
 My soul, in longing, winged its flight
 To seek, in realms afar,
 An ever ceaseless, shining light,
 In fairest day, in darkest night,
 To be my reigning star.

But as my soul, with airy grace,
 Flew on toward the realms of space
 It saw no gleaming spark,
 For night-clouds, in their cold embrace,
 Had caught the stars and left no trace,
 And all the world grew dark.

Again my soul winged like a dove,
 But sought not in the realms above
 A light from midnight skies,
 For chancing o'er the world to rove
 It came across the star of love
 That trembled in thine eyes.

And as my soul met thus with thine,
 And found a rest, what need for mine
 To seek in realms afar?
 Of all the orbs that nightly shine
 Not one hath light half so divine
 As Love's eternal star.

Farewell.

OH, chide me not for tears unshed,
Nor doubt me if my words are few,
It is not that my heart is dead
When parting from a friend so true.

But words could not my grief impart,
And flowing tears no pleasure win,
And so they well around my heart
To keep my love for you within.

Though parted by Fate's sad decree,
Our hearts still hold no vain regret,
And as you sometimes think of me,
Be sure I ne'er shall you forget.

Should greater distance part us, then
Our hearts should feel love's deeper glow,
Just as the sun is warmest when
'Tis farthest from the earth below.

Adieu! the parting hour is nigh!
And even bravest heart may swell
When lips refuse to say good-bye,
And murmur but a fond farewell.

Holly.

BRIGHT and green the holly gleameth,
Crimson-lit the berries glow,
Christmas, full of pleasure, beameth,
Though it cometh clothed in snow.

Bright and green is life, though fleeting,
Happiness the crimson light,
Such to all is now my greeting,
Till shall come their winter's night.

COMIC POEMS.

DEDICATED TO MY BROTHER FRED.

To my Brother Fred.

SOME people never seek for joys,
And know no time of gladness,
But, like a cake that's badly cook'd,
They linger on in sadness!

Now, should your heart be light or sad,
Or bright with animation,
Be ready, like one out of work,
To meet the situation.

And I would have you kind, that you
May good for evil render—
A loving heart, like juicy steak,
Is always sweet and tender.

If vexed with doubts of right and wrong,
Start not a contradiction,
But as the oyster to the knife,
Be open to conviction.

With others who with ready wit
Are quick enough to handle,
May you, just like a certain stick,
Be fit to hold the candle.

If provocation come to you
At present or hereafter,
Just read these comic poems, and
Provoke yourself to laughter.

INDEX.

	PAGE
A Cure for the Dumps	195
An Evening Concert	171
A Paper Age	163
A Tale of a Cat	161
A Tale of a Valentine	149
A Tale of Dreamland	187
Cagliostro Leger-Demain	189
Family Jars	129
How Deal became Wood	176
Jumbo	145
Ough !	166
Sea-side Hints	134
Summer	147
The Age	168
The Christening	137
The Cobbler and the Parson	115
The Crime of a Joke	132
The "Eccentric" Man	140
The Farmer's Appeal	178
The Inconsistency of Man	193
The Report of a Gun.. ..	152
Tim Tapster	122
William and Mary Ann	181
Winter	174
Yorkshire Gossip	157



The Cobbler and the Parson.

A LEGENDARY BALLAD.

'Twas in a country village that
 A cobbler plied his trade,
 A master fit for better work,
 Misfit he never made.

He worked alike for old and young,
 For cottage, hall, and hut,
 But though each praised his handiwork,
 They trod it underfoot!

New stock he made and old repaired,
 And deemed it ne'er a sin
 If he repaired himself at night
 Down to the village inn.

This cobbler in his youthful days
 A stripling quite had been,
 But drinking beer had made him fat,
 Yet often made him *lean*.

The inn the village boasted of,
 'Twas said without omission,
 Next to the church a first place held,
 In fact a pre-position.

'Tis strange what curious names and signs
 To inns are sometimes given,
 But so it is and therefore this
 Was called the "Gates of Heaven!"

The origin of such a name,
 Though oft had been the search,
 None knew unless it was that it
 Stood next door to the church;

Or may be there in days past, to
 Discuss the sermon's merits,
 The people met and found it was
 A place for better spirits.

'Twas there the cobbler spent his nights,
 Snug in the snug behind,
 And, in a measure speaking, took
 His beer from *pint* to *pint*.

Though kindred spirits hailed him there
 The soul of every one,
 Night always found him aleing, though
 At morning ailed he none !

The parson of the village heard
 About this merry wight,
 And thought there was but one thing left,
 And that to lead him right.

A pair of shoes, to be repaired,
 He then to him did send—
 He paved his way with these to try
 The cobbler's ways to mend !

He called, and thought the erring one
 He quickly would enrol,
 That while the cobbler soled his heel
 He'd heal the cobbler's soul !

Although the parson spoke at length
 And raised his voice on high,
 The cobbler cut him short and gave
 At length this curt reply :

“ 'Tis good of you to *wax* so hot,
 And *all* for my own *end*,
 But though I break out every night,
 Yet every day I mend !

“To be a better man I thirst,
 To quench that thirst I try,
 But sermons never do me good,
 And talking makes me dry.”

The parson thought 'twas all in vain
 The cobbler's heart to stir, and
 He went away convinced he'd been
 Upon a bootless errand!

This cobbler had a golden rule,
 A good one too no doubt,
 When people's shoes were taken in
 He always wore them out!

That is, he wore them for a day,
 Or wore them for a night,
 And though too large they sometimes proved,
 The fit was often “tight!”

Now, as this rule he always kept,
 The chance he did not lose
 Of stepping for a little time
 Into the parson's shoes.

But they, being smaller than his feet—
 Alas for sin and pride—
 Nipp'd like a vice, that pincer-toed
 He walked until he died!

He stayed his work and closed his shop,
 The clock was striking seven
 As jauntily he turned his steps
 Towards the “Gates of Heaven.”

To hesitate was to be lost,
 So straight he entered in,
 And thus the parson's shoes at last
 Walked in the path of sin!

Next day the parson's shoes were done,
 Said he, "They do not fit!"
 'Twas then the cobbler felt that he
 Had put his foot in it!

And soon the parson's feet began
 To move with gentle pace,
 Then quicker grew as if inclined
 To walk or run a race!

It seemed as if some pow'r unseen
 Had caused his feet to peg it,
 And though he clasped them with his hands
 They seemed inclined to leg it!

He pressed them firmly on the floor,
 But could not keep them still—
 The way in which they moved about
 Was much against his will!

Then up he got and walked about,
 And right across the floor,
 And down the stairs they led him on,
 And through the open door.

And down the street, and past the church,
 Straight to the village inn,
 And thus the parson's shoes again
 Walked in the path of sin!

A kind man he had always been,
 Beloved by all mankind,
 Yet down hill he was made to go,
 Though not at all inclined!

Resistance was in vain, alas!
 And as he entered in
 It sounded "rum" to other ears
 To hear him call for gin!

And when at last the night arrived,
 A little after seven,
 The cobbler and the parson met
 Within the "Gates of Heaven."

The cobbler said, "I'm sorry, sir,
 To see you thus begin,
 Instead of driving spirits out,
 To take the spirits in."

The parson laughed and called for more,
 And brighter grew his eyes,
 For while he poured the spirits down,
 His own began to rise!

And thus they drank and spent the night
 'Mid laughter, mirth, and shout,
 And in the inn the parson stayed
 Until they turned them out!

And when outside he found himself
 He grasped the cobbler's hand,
 And why his legs refused support
 He could not understand!

With morning came repentance, and
 He prayed with might and main,
 But when his shoes he did put on
 They took him off again!

The cobbler and the parson soon
 Became each other's friend,
 And every day and every night
 Together they did spend.

And thus the parson soon lost caste,
 The cobbler lost his trade,
 And though to pray he had no mind,
 Upon his mind it preyed.

And so he went and hanged himself
 Upon an ancient birch—
 The parson was suspended, too,
 By order of the church!

They went and cut the cobbler down,
 The parson was cut up,
 And to the inn he went to drown
 His sorrow in the cup.

He drank all day, he drank all night,
 Till he could drink no more,
 And in the morning he was found
 Dead drunk upon the floor!

And soon his spirit passed away
 Unto some other sphere—
 The cobbler, stubborn to the last,
 Had gone to his last bier!

A jury met and gave it in
 These terms, or something such:
 "The cobbler elevated got
 And took a drop too much!

"Our verdict on the parson is"—
 Exclaimed they in a breath—
 "As he was found dead drunk we find
 He drunk himself to death!"

They laid them in the self-same grave,
 And it was plain to see
 There was no weeping there except
 A weeping willow tree!

But in their graves they could not rest,
 The rumour widely spread
 That every night at twelve o'clock
 They left their narrow bed!

'Twas said by some the cobbler wore
 Around his neck a noose,
 And that the parson on his feet
 Did wear a pair of shoes !

That every night they each appeared
 Enveloped in a pall,
 Appalling all the villagers,
 Alike both great and small.

That once a year the cobbler went
 And swung upon the birch,
 And that the parson visited
 The village inn and church.

But in the forward march of time
 Improvements there were made—
 They pulled the "Gates of Heaven" down
 And thus the ghosts were laid.

And then, 'twas said, when they no more
 Appeared in midnight revel,
 That as the "Gates of Heaven" were closed
 They'd both gone to the —— !



Tim Tapster :

A TALE OF AN INN SPECTRE.

TIM TAPSTER was a waiter at
 The Quarter Moon and Star;
 No legal man was he although
 He studied for the bar.

He waited there from morn till night,
 And that for little pelf,
 He waited on each customer,
 And waited on himself.

He had no schooling in his youth,
 So was not fit for trade,
 And so he to an inn was sent,
 To be a servant made.

He thought, the while ambition did
 His dormant nature rouse,
 The way to be a public man
 Was through a public house.

But people said that Tim was soft,
 That brains he was without,
 But if he served them in the inn,
 He sometimes served them out !

For instance, as was proved one night
 When he was made the butt,
 Although they cracked their jokes, he taught
 Them how to crack a nut !

Such spirit they had never seen
 In Tim, and thought it queer
 That he could draw their claret just
 As well as draw their beer !

'Twas somewhere just about this time
 That deep in love fell Tim,
 Quite over head and ears, until
 His head began to swim.

And so he to his master went.
 One day when going to town,
 To settle up his wages, as
 He wished to settle down.

A crown per week, and four weeks due,
 Was what his master found,
 And as a sovereign remedy
 He gave him just a pound.

Elated with his luck, Tim to
 The bar did quick resort,
 And was not long before he took
 A drop of something short.

The spirit rose into his head,
 And love surged through his heart,
 But yet no surgery he sought
 To heal the wounded part.

But he, where lived his Mary Ann,
 His heart-strings all astir,
 Dressed in his Sunday suit, went to
 Address his suit to her.

But when he in her presence stood
 He found he could not talk,
 And when he "popped" 'twas much more like
 The popping of a cork!

I here may state how first they met,
 And how their love began,
 'Twas at the Spotted Cow that Tim
 First spotted Mary Ann.

She was a captivating girl,
 And vow'd to capture Tim,
 So while he stood with hat in hand
 She set her cap at him.

And then she made a feint to faint,
 And fell into his arms;
 She made a faint impression and
 Tim fell before her charms !

And thus it was that he proposed,
 And sought to win the prize,
 And at her side he sighed his love,
 A love of wondrous sighs !

But she had views romantic, and
 Gave him to understand
 That he must do some daring feat
 Before he sought her hand.

At this Tim thought she doubted him,
 And thus to her did say :—
 "I'd willingly lay down my life
 All doubtings to allay."

There was an inn, once noted for
 Its spirits and its nectar,
 But now a ghost walked every night,
 A kind of night inn spectre !

Said Mary Ann to Tim, who oft
 Did of his courage boast,
 "Before I listen to your lays
 Go you and lay the ghost."

"If that is all you ask," said Tim,
 His heart elate with hope,
 "I'll go and cope with spectres, though
 I am no spectroscopist."

What she requested soon he thought,
 Which seemed his fears to quell,
 She said it for his welfare, so
 He said to her farewell.

As home he went he thought of this
 Request of Mary Ann's,
 And being used to drawing, why
 He soon drew out his plans.

He thought, whatever it may be
 That joins in midnight revel,
 The way in which to settle ghosts
 Is with a spirit level!

So, full of spirits, off he went
 Next night to do his task,
 And with him took another kind
 Of spirit in a flask

Into the inn he entered, and
 He trimmed and lit his lamp,
 Then took a drop of whisky, for
 He found it rather damp.

He waited, and he waited, and
 He took another drink,
 Until at last he tired grew
 And felt his spirits sink!

"Coming events cast shades before,"
 But Tim was not afraid,
 'Twas quite well-known that he was not
 Particular to a shade!

No medium he, so did not care
 A rap for ghostly raps,
 While from his boyhood he had been
 Quite used to spirit taps!

So when he heard a knock, and saw
 A shadow at the door,
 He simply fell asleep, and then
 He fell upon the floor.

Crash, bang, and crash, and bang again,
 Each one in quick rotation,
 As if a host of demons there
 Did hold a demonstration!

Then silence reigned till morning broke,
 And woke Tim from his sleep,
 And slowly, like a dawning day,
 His eyes began to peep.

And when his scattered thoughts returned,
 It then recurred to Tim,
 Instead of settling spirits 'twas
 The spirit settled him!

Quite true enough was this, although
 The thought he quickly spurned,
 For when he tried to rise he found
 The tables on him turned!

Next night the same occurred, except
 The night was rather wild,
 And bitter were the thoughts of him
 Who usually was mild!

He shivered, as the chilly air
 Across the room did waft,
 And as the wind got higher, did
 He take a deeper draught.

But still he nothing saw except
 The ghostly shadows dance,
 And Tim began to think he'd not
 The shadow of a chance!

But next night—that is night the third—
 Tim felt so much at stake
 That he, like at some Irish deaths,
 Resolved to hold awake.

And when the clock had reached the hour
 When ghosts and spectres roved,
 Tim felt at last he, like a Friend,
 Was by the spirit moved.

He heard a voice so sepulchral,
 Which caused his flesh to creep;
 It came to him in accents low,
 It was so very deep.

It said, "Some say I am a ghost,
 But some such notions scout,
 Which seems to me I merely am
 The shadow of a doubt!"

An unseen hand then led him on,
 To fate he was resigned;
 His thoughts roamed to his love, so he
 Went with an absent mind!

Straight to a bedside he was led,
 Yet not one whit afraid,
 But he had wit enough to see
 On it the ghost was laid!

Once more he thought of Mary Ann,
 And thought her love he'd earned;
 His mind, though, was not very good,
 And nevermore returned!

So when the ghost sat up in bed,
 And pointed to the post,
 Tim, absent-minded, hanged himself,
 And thus gave up the ghost!

When Mary Ann was told the news
She wrung her hands and cried :
“Alas ! I am not fit to live !”
So in a fit she died.



Family Jars.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

A FAMILY—Jarr by name—'tis said
 In Jarrow used to dwell.
 A touching little incident
 Concerning them I'll tell :

Now, be it known, each Christmas day,
 Relations far and near
 Met there to pay their compliments,
 And taste the Christmas cheer ;

There were uncles, aunts, and cousins, too,
 Sons, daughters, pas, and mas—
 In fact they were, without a doubt,
 A set of family Jarrs !

Now Mrs. Jarr, some weeks before
 The festive time, had made
 Some currant jam, and jelly, and
 Some orange marmalade.

And here my history must record
 An only son she had !
 The *only sunshine* of her heart,
 For buried was his dad.

This Master Jarr a *weakness* had—
 A *strong* one I'm afraid—
 A *weakness* that had *daily* grown
 For jam and marmalade.

He had, too, what some people call
 A *squint*—he fairly won it,
 For when he saw the jam one day
 He *cast his eye* upon it ;

He thought, oh! what a treat 'twould be
 To have two finger-dips,
 And though he was a *peaceful* boy
 Began to *smack* his lips!

He could not reach it from the floor,
 But then why should he care,
 No need to stand on ceremony,
 He stood upon a chair.

In reaching for a jar, alas
 He over-reached himself,
 And down he came with jars and all,
 And in his hand the shelf.

His mother heard the noise below,
 She started up in fear—
 She somehow did not like the sound,
 It jarr'd upon her ear;

With single bound she clear'd the steps
 Like tigress from her cage—
 She flew into the room, and then
 She flew into a rage!

She seized the rod, and with it she
 Her son began to beat,
 For *sour'd* was her temper, though
 She found him very *sweet*.

And when she saw the ruins there—
 The jam, the bits of pot—
 His fate was *seal'd*, down came the *whacks*,
 For she was *waxing* hot.

“Oh! *gone* alas is my best *jar*!”
 She cried in clam'rous *jar-gon*,
 And she for him no mercy had
 Though much he sued for pardon.

Once more she fixed her gaze upon
 Her jars in pieces laid,
 But *peace is* better far than war,
 So peace at last she made ;

And strange to say although she did
 From jam her son debar,
 Yet when she took him from the room
 She left the door *ajar*.

MORAL.

Dear readers all, remember this,
 It often friendship mars,
 If meddling fingers seek to dip
 In secret *family jars*.



The Crime of a Joke.

OF one, whose name may not be told,
There is a tale to tell,
As how he cracked a joke one day,
And what therefrom befell.

Whatever other people said
He always turned to fun ;
In quip and joke he much rejoiced,
And revelled in a pun.

And if he met with friends, he'd turn
And twist each word they spoke,
Until it came to pass that none
Would listen to his joke.

It happened, though, he met one day
A simple-minded man,
And then to tell a funny tale
He very soon began.

The jokes came fast, still on he went,
Nor cared to rest awhile,
And soon he was rewarded by
Producing just a smile.

The smile extended to a grin,
The grin into a roar,
Another joke did tickle so
The man laughed more and more.

The jokist button-holed his man,
And would not be repulsed,
And soon with satisfaction saw
His victim was convulsed.

Joke followed joke, and every one
 Of choicest wit did smack;
 The listener laughed at each until
 His jaws began to crack.

Then on the ground he fell and rolled,
 And writhed as in a fit;
 Another joke dropped in his ear,
 And caused his sides to split.

Then still he lay, for laughter had
 Deprived him of his breath;
 And then it was the jokist saw
 Of him he'd been the death.

With face so grave he left the spot,
 And quick began to run,
 And from that day he ne'er was known
 To make a joke nor pun.

Twelve men sat on the body of
 The simple-minded man—
 His breath had gone and left it flat,
 Like cake made in a pan.

They laid their heads together, and
 In a few moments after
 They, all agreed, did bring it in,
 A true case of *Man's laughter*.



Sea-side Hints.

YE sea-side trippers list, oh, list
 To what I have to say,
 'Twill keep you to enjoyment, though
 It is but for a day.

The sea-side is a wondrous place,
 Wherever it may be,
 For should you meet a blind friend you
 Can take him out to *sea*!

Trip lightly to the station then,
 Trip next into the train,
 And in a trippers' train of mind
 Trip off to see the main.

Of seagulls, of a varied kind,
 A sea-side place is full;
 Beware! or you yourself, also,
 May there become a *gull*!

Be sure and dress up in your best,
 Then there will really be
 A heavy swell upon the land,
As well as on the sea.

Join in the fashionable throng,
 Or sit, and smoke, and read —
 The sea-side is the very place
 For you to have a *weed*.

A suit of serge is best to wear,
 And much in vogue 'twill be,
 For when you go you'll always find
 That *surge* is seen at sea.

Tell all your friends how well you fish,
 Although they may rebuke,
 For if you only catch a crab,
 It still may be a *flake* !

But if you fish at all, and do
 Not even catch a crab,
 A *flounder* in the boat will serve
 To say you caught a *dab* !

And should you meet a man who talked
 Of what he most adored,
 You, sinking down, could safely say
 You'd fallen *over-bored* !

If of your sailing you would boast,
 And of your fishing crack,
 While fishing, press your sweetheart's lips,
 And take a *fishing smack*.

If short of coin and eatables,
 Pine not at your ill-luck,
 Drop in the sea at dinner-time,
 And take a little *duck*.

Some people, ere they do return
 Unto their native town,
 Though naturally looking green,
 Wish often to be brown.

The simple way, my friends, by which
 You may accomplish it,
 Is first of all go for a sail
 To *cobble* up a bit ;

Then quarrel with the boatman, an
 Obliging man is he,
 He'll give you such a hiding, and
 You thus get *tanned* at sea !

Of course you give the man in charge,
But, though he is at fault,
The judge does, in committing him,
Himself commit *a salt* !

The next thing then for you is to
Return to home and friends,
And thus your visit like my rhyme
Appropriately ends.



The Christening.

Oh, he was such a jolly thing,
 And just like other mortals,
 'Twas at a very early age
 He passed through nature's portals.

When first he came into the world
 He nothing did but crying,
 And then his anxious parents thought
 He every day was dying.

But he was such a sly young thing,
 And passed through youthful ailments,
 From measles, croup and whooping-cough,
 To bruises and impalements.

He soon became a knowing one,
 Knew all about the neighbours,
 He learnt their little secrets and
 Gained knowledge from their labours.

He grew into a merry thing,
 Began to cut his capers,
 And funny things he would recite
 From out the comic papers.

But what I have to tell is how
 That he was strangely christened,
 The tale of which has caused such fun
 When anyone has listened.

His parents thought that he should bear
 A name aristocratic,
 For they were highly born, in fact
 Descended from an attic!

And when at last the day arrived
 They both were quite delighted,
 And so they made a grand to do,
 And all their friends invited.

They sought the parson, so arranged,
 Their hearts with joy elated,
 And soon they in his presence stood—
 But here it must be stated

That neither could remember what
 The name was they had chosen,
 And there they stood in blank dismay
 As if they had been frozen!

The sad young thing, who knew it well,
 Was then too young to tell it,
 But he began to cry, which took
 The three some time to quell it.

All this but helped the parents to
 Grow more confused than ever,
 And thus it seemed the precious name
 Come back to them would never.

The parson then impatient grew,
 And at them both he ravèd,
 And then he read the Scripture names
 From Adam to King David.

But no, it was no use at all,
 The name did not belong them,
 The parson then advised them both
 To chose one from among them.

They told him they would rather have
 The name aristocratic,
 Then as the parson talked to them
 His tones were most emphatic.

And then he grew so mighty vexed,
His wrath he could not stifle;
“’Twould make a parson swear,” he said,
And so he swore a trifle!

The dame was shocked, the parson saw
That he had sadly pained her,
And so of Scripture names he read,
To soothe her, the remainder.

’Twas at this stage they each sank down,
For all were greatly tired,
The dame soon started up again
Like one who is inspired.

“Yes! yes! I have it now,” said she,
“Yes, yes,”—’twas naught but yesses,
And then the husband tried as if
It was a game at guesses.

“Yes, yes,”—said she, the parson said
“Yes! yes! pray stop it madam,”
And then he to the husband turned,
Who said, “I don’t care—Adam”



The "Eccentric" Man.

TIMOTHEOUS TOMKYNs was a man of most uncommon kind,

And had such eccentricities in one we seldom find !

In quality of brains he was exceptionally strong,

And thought himself quite charming in the matter of a song.

He very often boasted that he came of noble line,

And his carriage was most graceful and his speech was very fine.

When quite a little child, in fact a dumpy baby boy,

He was his father's torment, yet his mother's only joy !

Unlike all other children, he for playthings did not care,

But took a strange delight in pulling out his father's hair !

He always kept awake at nights and slept throughout his days,

A fact which very plainly showed he had eccentric ways.

When twelve months old, or so, he first began to learn to walk,

And somewhere just about that time did he begin to talk,

The art seemed so delightful that, in his eccentric way,

He practised each acquirement every night and every day,

And this, no doubt, accounted for the fact, so I opine,

That his carriage was most graceful and his speech was very fine !

He did not, up to twenty-one, develop very much,

Unless it was to imitate an old man with a crutch,

And loudly talk, and smoke a pipe, and dress himself for
 show,
 And mix his conversation with "By Jove!" and "Yes,
 you know."
 But of his eccentricities, I merely shall relate
 The few that in his after life did most predominate.

On entering another's house, he never used the mat,
 And had a strict objection as to taking off his hat!
 If asked to have refreshments he invariably took wine,
 And then he with his elbow on the table would recline.
 It was his eccentricity to sit as in repose,
 And show his feet encased in boots with patent leather
 toes.

Now, as I have before remarked, his speech was very
 fine,
 And in the matter of a song he thought himself divine;
 At evening entertainments he would volunteer to sing,
 And then a roll of music from his pocket he would bring.
 If anybody praised his song, although they thought it
 poor,
 He, being so eccentric, sung about a dozen more!

Now when he walked along the street he had a springy
 tread,
 And placed his hat a little on the right side of his head;
 He wore his trousers very tight, a coat that would not
 meet,
 And if the day was very fine had gaiters on his feet!
 He seemed to grow eccentric in the clothes that he did
 wear,
 And looked on everybody with a supercilious air.

In entering on an argument, although he might be
 wrong,
 He'd not give in, his voice instead would grow both loud
 and strong!
 If anyone essayed to introduce a single word,
 His voice would rise to such a pitch till they could not be
 heard,
 But those who would excuse him said it was his funny
 way
 Of letting everybody know what he had got to say !

As his carriage was most graceful and his speech was
 very fine,
 It happened that he often was invited out to dine,
 Yet he always was eccentric when he at a table sat,
 For if the hostess asked him would he take of this or
 that,
 He simply answered "Yes, I will," and never "If you
 please,"
 And he always used his fingers when he took a bit of
 cheese.

He had a strong objection as to eating with a fork,
 And seemed to like to fill his mouth and then begin to
 talk,
 On all the things around him he would make a rapid
 raid,
 And taste of everything that was upon the table laid.
 At one single invitation, to comparatively speak,
 He ate as much as would have served another man a
 week !

He had one peculiarity much stronger than the rest,
 Which was, on certain mornings, to get dressed up in
 his best,

And with a tooth-pick in his mouth to promenade along,
 And think himself the greatest of the fashionable throng;
 But then he was descended from a very noble line,
 And his carriage was most graceful and his speech was
 very fine.

Now in the lives of most of men there is a certain time
 When earth to them is paradise, and life is all sublime;
 It is the time when they receive a voluntary start
 That sets in rapid motion all the pulses of the heart,
 And Tim was no exception, for he fell in love one day,
 But as usual it happened in a most eccentric way.

He saw the loved one in the street, and followed in her
 track,
 His eyes intently fixed upon the plait hung down her
 back;
 And when he saw the residence that held his earthly star,
 He straightway went and rang the bell and asked for
 her papa,
 He said, "I love your daughter, and she cannot but love
 me,
 For I'm direct descended from a noble line, you see!"

The maiden's father loved a joke, and so he ushered Tim
 Into a room where was the maid, who sweetly smiled on
 him,
 And in an ecstasy of bliss he dropped upon his knees,
 And in the speech that followed dropped his h's and his
 g's!
 He little knew the maiden had but just returned from
 school,
 But had a keen perception of "uneducated fool!"

He fled the house, but with the night he sought it once
 again,
 And cast a little pebble at the maiden's window pane ;
 He thought 'twould be romantic, could he but persuade
 her out,
 Instead of coming down the stairs to fetch her down the
 spout !
 'Twas all in vain, and evident the maiden did not care,
 And wasted were the kisses that he wafted on the air.

That true love never smoothly runs it often has been
 said,
 And Timotheus too found it so and wished that he were
 dead !
 Dispelled were all his visions of a cot in sylvan grove,
 And in the end of all this unreciprocated love
 Did set his brain on fire, of that there was no single
 doubt,
 And in his eccentricity he straightway blew it out !



Jumbo.

THE Yankees rule our weather, so
 A many people say,
 And now they've ruled our feelings
 In a feeling sort of way!

The Jumbo sentiment, I find,
 Was by the Yankees sent,
 For Barnum from the first gave out
 To have him *sent he meant*.

Yet Jumbo added to it all
 By going upon his knees,
 Which rested well with every one,
 Yet made them ill at ease!

'Twas tried to get poor Jumbo off,
 But all of no avail,
 For finding that he had been "sold"
 He stopped at once the sail!

The Fellows all maintained that he
 His lodgings could not quit,
 And though at length they wrote their views,
 In short 'twas only Writ!

They saw the people's pleadings did
 Not Jumbo's cause enhance,
 So threw him into Chancery
 To give him just a chance.

But, Jumbo, you will have to go,
 Resistance is in vain,
 E'en though we have to use main force
 To force you on the main!

But if you're ill upon the sea
The crew will share, we find,
For have they not quite often to
Be *cruel* to be kind?

Oh! Jumbo, see our flowing tears,
Which grief from each eye calls!
And though they are not cataracts,
They yet are waterfalls!

But let us bid our last farewells,
And end this grief and woe,
And if you would give peace to all,
Pack up your trunk and go.



Summer.

POETS have sung that summer days
 Are fraught with joy and beauty,
 Their disadvantages to give
 Is now my present duty.

MORNING.

The morning breaks the bonds of sleep,
 Though not on friendly terms,
 The sun breaks slowly through the mist,
 The birds breakfast on worms.

Gay larks are high up in the air,
 And butter-flies about!
 And wantonly the breezes play
 'Mid laughter, song, and shout.

Bull-rushes out in every lane,
 And cow-slips may be found,
 While lambkins *gambol* in the fields,
 Where *heavy stakes* abound!

Bees hum, and oft across your face
 The branches sweeping brush,
 And for each *liver* complaints may be
 Found both in corn and thrush.

Though streams with laughter ripple on,
 Though river calmly flows,
 The brook seems discontented, for
 It murmurs as it goes!

And often close about your ears
 The asses loudly bray,
 And should you but expostulate
 The horses give you *neigh*!

NIGHT.

Night is not safe, reflections are
Cast by the brooks and streams,
The moon will stare you in the face,
And on you throw its beams.

Dark shadows *steal* around you, e'en
The sun is *sinking low*!
At sight of which the western sky
With blushes is aglow.

The moon, with sly impertinence,
Peeps o'er the mountain's crest,
The birds do *twitter* o'er your head,
And *broods* are in the nest.

The owls they screech from *stumps* of trees,
Their eyes like *balls* of light,
Bats fly about, the *cricket* chirps—
Oh, peaceful Summer's night.



A Tale of a Valentine.

OH, tender was the heart of one,
 Adolphus Phipps by name,
 And Love applied his torch and set
 That tender heart aflame.

A flaxen curl, two cherry lips,
 And eyes of azure blue,
 A mouth that rivalled Cupid's bow,
 And cheeks of rosy hue.

Such was the face that came one day
 Before Adolphus' gaze;
 Such was the face that caused his heart
 To leap into a blaze!

Oh, how he longed to tell his love,
 And how his heart did pant,
 But she was always guarded by
 An ancient maiden aunt!

He worship'd long in secret till
 His heart began to pine—
 But how to tell his love? Ah, yes,
 He'd send a valentine!

He purchased one of silver lace,
 With just a single heart,
 Which was, he thought, appropriately
 Pierced with a cupid's dart.

He with it wrote a note in which
 He spoke of future bliss,
 And at the end of every line
 He dotted down a kiss!

It said, "To-morrow I will seek
 An answer from your lips,
 And so till then I sign myself
 Your loving Dolphy Phipps."

The valentine was duly sent,
 And duly was received,
 But in a manner different
 To what he had conceived !

For, though he'd been at pains so great
 To learn the maiden's name,
 It never once occurred to him
 Her aunt did bear the same.

So, being addressed to Miss, instead
 Of Miss Amanda, why
 The elder maid did claim it as
 She heaved a little sigh.

Adolphus, with a beating heart,
 Did seek to know his doom,
 And calling at Amanda's house
 Was shown into a room.

And soon he heard a rustle as
 Of someone at the door,
 Which caused his palpitating heart
 To palpitate the more.

Then deep in thought he sank and dreamt
 Of fair Amanda's charms,
 Till 'round his neck there softly stole
 A pair of loving arms !

He clasped the owner to his breast,
 And then enraptured cast
 A loving glance upon her face,
 But started back aghast !

The maid of sixty summers was
The one Adolphus saw,
Who, if he did not keep his word,
Did threaten with the law.

Said she, "From you this valentine
And letter I've received,
And as you've won my heart and hand
I will not be deceived!"

Adolphus fled the spot, but he
No peace nor rest could find,
The great mistake that he had made
Preyed so upon his mind.

Said he, "Ere such a knot I'll tie,
And thus Amanda loose,
I'll tie another knot and put
My neck into a noose!"

Alas! what he had vowed to do
To him that night befell!
And he did wring his neck because
He could not ring the belle!



The Report of a Gun.

A. GUNN he was a warrior bold,
A rifleman was he,
And he did volunteer one day
To fight across the sea.

In warfare he was brave and true,
And always to the fore ;
Alike in peace his comrades said
He was true to the corps.

He fought in many battles, and
He helped to take a fort,
Of each of which, as fitting was,
He made a good report.

But in the end they silenced him,
'Twas what he much disliked,
And by a foeman's bayonet
A. Gunn at last was spiked !

He left a wife to mourn his loss,
He left an only son,
And everybody said he was
The true son of A. Gunn.

The husband dead, the son became
The mother's only joy,
And buoyant rose her sinking heart
Whene'er she saw her boy.

But human nature's apt to change,
As sun-gleam's fitful glance,
And very oft will backward go
As years in life advance.

'Twas so with A. Gunn, junior,
 His mother's heart grew sad,
 His father was an upright man,
 But he got downright bad.

Though tall, and straight, and comely, yet
 'Twas said with one assent,
 On every kind of wickedness
 And mischief he was bent!

So he was blamed for what he did,
 And very often more,
 If someone else a garden robbed
 They laid it at his door!

So things went on from bad to worse,
 And when he was inspired
 With any kind of mischief, then
 With joy A. Gunn was fired.

Nor did he mend in older years,
 For far into his teens,
 Gunpowder plots he loved to read
 In penny magazines.

His mother begged of him to list,
 And quit his native spot,
 Quite earnestly she talked to him,
 But, oh! he listed not!

A roving life preferred he, and
 A sailor he would be,
 He wondered what the life was like,
 So ran away to sea.

For years he was unheard of, and
 'Twas thought that he was dead,
 And everyone looked grave to find
 He was alive instead.

His relatives all shunn'd him when
 He came to them once more,
 And said, behind his back, he was
 No better than before!

That over head and ears in love
 'Twas fitting he should drop,
 And, even as his name implied,
 That he should also "pop."

He woo'd a maid, and begged of her
 To join the wedded state—
 Commander of a vessel, he
 Did want her for his mate.

And all went smooth till rumour's tongue
 Did say that she was false,
 And leading him a pretty dance,
 More galop than a waltz.

And so he vow'd within himself
 To know the very worst,
 But thought, on second thought, that he
 Had better see her first.

But when he by appointment went
 To clear the hanging doubt,
 They told him that she was not in,
 And so he found her out!

He sought his ship, he sought his men,
 But could not find relief,
 And then he had the anchor weighed,
 While he was weighed with grief.

He paced the deck, and sternly bade
 His men to put to sea,
 But he was not himself, but quite
 Another man was he!

He sought rest in the cabin, and
 Sought comfort in the cup,
 But still it did not cool him down,
 For oft he "fired up."

The trouble that had come to him
 Deprived him of his sleep;
 His spirits got so very low
 He took to drinking deep!

He got from bad to worse, until
 So hot his temper grew,
 That not a single day passed by
 But he blew up his crew!

He'd left his heart with her from whom
 He knew he'd had to part,
 And thus he had no life in him
 Because he had no heart!

He made his will, arranged his things,
 And placed them on a shelf,
 A double part he acted, for
 He was beside himself.

And then he took a firebrand,
 Instead of going to bed,
 And went out of his cabin and
 Also out of his head!

He could not calculate the time
 From drinking too much "Scotch,"
 Besides he found the man on deck
 Was sleeping on his watch!

And then he kicked the sleeping man,
 He kicked him on the shins,
 And needless 'tis to say the kick
 Had knocked him off his pins!

The man aroused, with fear he saw
 The captain standing nigh,
 A burning light was in his hand
 And fire in his eye.

The man then tried to raise himself,
 But sank him down instead,
 He found the kick upon his shins
 Had knocked him on the head !

The captain neared the magazine,
 With tread so light and soft,
 Which caused the terror-stricken man
 To send his hands aloft.

He saw the captain mischief meant,
 And vainly tried to rise ;
 He could not follow with his legs,
 So followed with his eyes.

The man saw something in the wind,
 The same was blowing south,
 He could not cry for help because
 His heart was in his mouth !

Spellbound he lay, nor could he move,
 Yet strove with all his might,
 Meanwhile the captain plied his torch,
 And stood in his own light !

A fiendish smile was on his face,
 It seemed to him but sport,
 But still he was in duty bound
 To give a good report.

He'd often blown up others, but
 Led by some demon elf,
 He changed his course, and ended life
 By blowing up himself !

Yorkshire Gossip.

OH, Mr. Blossip was a man
Of truest Yorkshire stamp,
So jolly he, that nothing could
His jovial spirits damp !

He laughed and joked with everyone,
Was never known to weep ;
In fact he laughed when wide awake,
And when he was asleep !

So true a Yorkshireman was he,
That it was often said,
He beef and Yorkshire pudding loved
'Cause he was Yorkshire bred.

But Fate ordained that he one day
Should leave his native town ;
'Twas then his buoyant spirits did
Begin to simmer down !

And soon he grew so very thin,
And grew so very pale, —
Until his clothes quite loosely hung,
Like scare-crow on a rail.

And in the end of all he found
That he had grown so thin,
His very bones at last began
To show beneath his skin !

And so he went across the sea,
And left his native land,
But why he grew so very sad
He could not understand.

He called on the Americans,
 And sought a Yankee cute,
 But very soon returned again
 As grave as any mute.

He visited the Germans next,
 And took their lager beer,
 But though he'd never wept before
 He left them with a tear !

And then to sunny France he hied
 And lived on froggy soup,
 But even this did also fail
 His spirits to recoup !

To Scotland next he took a trip,
 To try a pinch of snuff,
 This also failed to rouse him for
 He could not take enough !

He next went on to Paddy's land,
 Arriving there, bedad,
 He got a knock upon the head
 Which left him quite as sad !

He took a voyage round the world,
 And called from place to place,
 But still a smile was never seen
 On his dejected face !

So he returned to London town,
 And studied cockney lore,
 But paler, thinner, did he grow,
 And graver than before !

Until one day he met a friend
 Fresh from his native place,
 Which caused the very faintest smile
 To flit across his face.

This friend began to tell him all
 About his native spot,
 Which took him really quite a week,
 Of news he'd such a lot.

And long before this time expired,
 In Blossip's glowing face
 The shadow of his former self
 His friend began to trace.

He told him of a council that
 Had notions very big,
 Who thought it quite a joke to say,
 They did not care a "fig."

He told him of a certain mayor
 Who was a "jolly sort,"
 Which made poor Blossip think that he
 Did once the title sport.

He told him of a Doctor who
 Had reached a high degree,
 Who gave the people twice a week
 An organ concert free!

He told him of a fountain that
 Had wrung a people's tears—
 (All this was news to Blossip for
 He'd been away for years.)

Then pretty little scandals next
 In whispers he did speak,
 Which brought a smile to Blossip's face,
 And colour to his cheek.

And then a something he did drop
 Right into Blossip's ear,
 Which made him break into a laugh
 It was so very queer.

He told him many other things
Of which I dare not tell,
And Mr. Blossip's laugh broke out
Into a perfect yell.

And when his friend had told his tales,
"Hooray! hooray!" cried Blossip,
"The only thing I wanted was
A bit of *Yorkshire Gossip!*"



A Tale of a Cat.

MIAOU! miaou! such a noise and a stir
Was heard in the house one morn!
Miaou! miaou! and the reason was this,
Five little blind kittens were born.

Yes, five little kittens, some grey and some black,
And the mother was awfully proud,
For she strutted about with her tail erect,
And cried out her joy aloud.

But her joy very soon turned to sorrow indeed,
And her cry turned at last to a wail,
For a man with a murderous look on his face
Appeared with a shovel and pail.

Of the five little kittens he gather'd up four,
And tumbled them into the water;
Such a kicking, and splashing, and dashing was there—
Indeed 'twas a terrible slaughter!

And the one that was left knew nothing at all
Of the dreadful cat-astrophe there,
But if it had known what for it was in store
The same 'twould have been glad to share.

One morning, when puss was about nine days old,
It woke up with wide-opened eyes,
And the wonderful things that it saw every day
Filled its young head, indeed, with surprise!

To tell of its troubles and dangers through life
Space will not allow me to mention,
But one terrible thing that poor pussy befell
I'll tell if you'll just pay attention.

You must know that this kitten grew up to a cat,
 And it had such a very long tail,
 And this grew, and it grew, and became such a length,
 It at last on the floor had to trail!

How clever and great have appeared some reciters
 When telling some narrative bold,
 Yet puss, in a sense, was as great and as clever—
 Like them, she a tail could unfold!

And day after day the tail went on growing,
 Of that there was really no doubt;
 So heavy and long did it get that poor pussy
 Determined to re-tail it out!

But still 'twas no use, for it grew, and it grew,
 And pussy was sadly perplexed
 What to do with her tail, so decided at last
 Continued 't should be "in our next!"

The tail grew so long 'twas cut off at the stump,
 Which pussy express'd her glad thanks at!
 To the Isle-of-Man, packed in a hamper, they sent her,
 And passed her off there as a Manx cat!

In the foregoing lines there's a moral,
 To see it I trust you'll not fail;
 For this is the end of the narrative,
 And also the end of the tail.

THE MORAL.

Brevity is the soul of true wit, it is said,
 So you, who for tale-telling thirst,
 Don't spin out your tales till they burdensome get,
 But cut them off short at the first.



A Paper Age.

A *Yorkshireman*, true bred and born,
 The subject of my rhymes,
 A man who lived, and always did,
 A shade beyond the *Times*.

His parents died when he was scarce—
 A year and nine months old,
 And so his uncle brought him up—
 A *Guardian* stern and cold.

He went to an Academy.
 And was not long before
 He passed the second *Standard*, still
 For knowledge thirsted more ;

So in his *Leisure Hour* he
 The Nile's source tried to probe,
 And thought to find all he required
 By looking at the *Globe* !

He studied *Land and Water*, knew
 The name of every river—
 His only pastime was a *Bow*,
Broad Arrow, and a *Quiver*.

Although he in a province lived,
 Yet he had city views,
 And liked naught better than a *Graphic*
 Account of *London News*.

A worthy *Chronicle* has said
 He was so systematic,
 And such a close *Examiner*
 He ne'er was found erratic.

A keen *Observer*, too, remarks
 That, from his early youth,
 His dealings with his fellow-men
 Were always based on *Truth*;

All those who knew him said he owned
 Of qualities a host,
 That quite an upright man was he—
 In fact a *Yorkshire Post*.

He loved his country and his *Queen*,
 But what to him was dearer,
 He traced his antecedents back
 Unto the *Christian Era*!

Though not of *Independent* means
 He bought—nor did begrudge it—
 Two papers daily, thus he got
 Of *Daily News* a *Budget*!

He passed from youth to manhood's prime
 And here a *Record* says,
 That from this period he grew
 Eccentric in his ways.

Thus he would ask for a *Gazette*,
 At volunteer *Reviews*,
 While on a race-course he would seek
 Alone for *Sporting News*!

He did not care for *Evening Mail*,
 Yet for a *Courier* less,
 So sent his words by *Telegraph*,
 And travelled by *Express*.

'Twas here he longed for wedded bliss,
 And thought it would be wiser
 To do it by advertisement,
 So wed an *Advertiser*.

'Tis said, though, he repented oft
 Of ever getting wed,
 And that his wife a *Judy* proved,
 And oft did *Punch* his head.

But then we all know truest love
 Did never smoothly run ;
 While there are always *Funny Folks*
 Who say things just for *Fun*.

He lived to be so very old,
 And passed his days so meekly,
 Until one morn he heard them cry—
 “Ho! *John de Morgan's Weekly!*”

At hearing which he started up,
 With face so deadly pale,
 And took a dose of *Mercury*
 While *Echo* spread the tale.

“Ah, now,” said he, “I’ve lived enough,
 My term of *Life* is run :”
 Then laid him down, and slowly sank,
 Just like a setting *Sun*.

And thus his Book of *Life* was read,
 And closed at the last page ;
 And from the *World* he passed away,
 At eighty years of *Age*.



Ough !

A FARMER'S man one rainy day
Was following the plough,
He got wet through and caught a cold,
Which ended in a cough !

He stayed at home till well again,
Did nothing all day through
Excepting mix the food for pigs,
And take it to the trough,

Or milk the cows, or butter churn,
And thinking this enough
He'd sit and smoke while merrily
The birds sang on the bough.

A kind and honest heart did beat
'Neath his exterior rough ;
He'd gambol with the children while
His wife was making dough !

One day he went to see some friends
Who lived beside a lough,
And for protection home again
He took a faithful shough. '

With them he to the sea-side went,
And clamber'd up a clough,
Then venturesome he climbed the rocks,
And tried to catch a chough.

He miss'd his footing and his hold,
And fell into a slough,
And by his friends he there was found,
The water to his hough.

When seated by his fireside,
Of what he had passed through
That day he told the partner of
His joys—his troubles though !

The change of air had cured his cough,
Again he sought the plough—
I'd like to tell you more although
I think this quite enough.



The Age.

AGE-S ago there lived a s-age,
 The subject of my story,
 And such an age-d man was he
 With hair and beard so hoary.

A vis-age proud, yet sweetly calm,
 A bearing independent,
 As if of ancient line-age
 He was a true descendant !

He lived in lowly hermit-age,
 Away from worldly pleasures,
 And in the p-age-s of his books
 He found a mine of treasures.

A garden cultivated, in
 Immediate vicin-age,
 Grew saxifr-age, and bor-age, too,
 And cabb-age, s-age, and spin-age.

No lock and key defended it,
 He fear'd no nature sav-age
 Would e'er disturb his peace, or seek
 His dwelling place to rav-age.

Of herb-age he'd a knowledge, and
 With herbs his food divided ;
 His only bever-age the wine
 Which nature had provided !

And far and wide his fame was known
 In town and country vill-age,
 Alike by royal person-age,
 And sons of toil and till-age.

Thus he received the patron-age
 Of peasant, p-age, and sire;
 And lords with noble equip-age
 Did oft the s-age require.

Perhaps some scripp-age to translate,
 In foreign langu-age written,
 Which shew'd the writer ere he died
 With deep remorse was smitten.

For having made a for-age on
 Some weak defenceless neighbour,
 And pill-age-d house and lands of wealth—
 The fruit of honest labour.

Or, perhaps, some register of birth
 All torn with age and faded,
 In which the parent-age was found
 Of one who lived degraded.

And gallants gay, and ladies fair,
 With proud and haughty carri-age,
 Would oft this man of wisdom seek,
 And ask advice on marri-age.

The children from the vill-age near,
 Would wander by his dwelling,
 Or sit beneath the foli-age,
 While he some tale was telling.

He'd tell of manly cour-age, where
 The prize was some fair maiden;
 Of carn-age fierce, of victors bold
 With spoils returning laden.

"The age we live in," he would say.
 "Alas! is but a bad age;"
 And when the children sought to go
 He gave to them this ad-age:

“Of all the age-s seven of man,
Remember, this I pres-age,
The age wherein most good is done,
You'll always find is—THE AGE.”



An Evening Concert.

ONE night I to a concert went
 And thought to have a treat,
 And went quite soon, for you must know,
 I had not book'd my seat.

And having thus some time to wait
 I soon began to carp,
 And 'twas but *natural* that I should,
 But wish they would be *sharp*.

At last the members of the band
 Assembled to a man,
 And *bow'd*, and *scraped* to some *tune*, when
 The concert soon began.

To tell of *Scherzo* brilliant,
Andante most sublime,
Adagio sympathetic, and
 Of *Presto* up to time

Would take too many *lines* to write,
 And such then being the case—
 I'll give a brief description, and
 Thus save a lot of *space*.

A passage on the violins
 From symphony of Brahms
 Shew'd that a movement was on *foot*,
 Though 'twas a *feat* of *arms* !

First like a gallant charge, next like
 A *melée*, or a *sortie*,
 While each play'd *forte*, and *piano*,
 But not *piano-forte* !

And though there was no single *pause*,
 Yet *double stops* were made,
 And each one *work'd* with right good will,
 And yet they only *play'd* !

I noticed the conductor too,
 In movement most sublime,
 As how his beat seem'd rather slow
 Yet he was *beating time* !

When *Prima Donna* next began
 To warble from the throat,
 I could not help but note her voice
 For 'twas a voice of *note* !

'Twas full of power, but if I had
 Required further proof,
 The morning's paper said that she
 Had fairly *raised the roof* !

Another artiste soon appear'd,
 And sang with wanted grace,
 And though a *tenor* singer he
 I thought his voice was *base* !

No magic art, no wizard's wand
 Had e'er before transformed
 So many things as I that night
 Saw by the band performed.

The drums they *roll'd*, and *shakes* were heard,
 And everybody *quaver'd*,
 And demi-semi-quaver'd too,
 But still they never waver'd.

They often turn'd the *scales*, and yet
 They kept their balance well,
 And each one from his instrument
 Produced a *heavy swell* !

The violinists made a *sweep*,
 The trumpets made a *flourish*—
 Such wonders I shall ne'er forget,
 But in my mem'ry cherish.

The concert o'er I found the *strains*
 Of music ('tis no jest),
 Produced a *strain* upon my nerves,
 And so I sought my *rest*.

Asleep, I saw each member of
 The band—'twas but a dream—
 Suspended by a *common chord*
 Tied to a *Broad-wood* beam !



Winter.

THE Spring, and the Summer, and Autumn had fled
And the Winter commenced his cold reign,
And the *rain* as it fell turned fast to snow,
And then turned to water again!

The night came in sharp, and it froze so keen,
And the policeman walking his beat
Saw the *sun* go down in the golden west,
And the *father* go down in the street!

The hedges, and trees, and the earth were white,
A mantle was thrown over all,
And a mantle was thrown o'er each wayfarer too
In the shape of a cloak or a shawl.

And many were sat in their slippers at home
By the fireside's genial glow,
And they never once thought of the cold outside,
Nor the *slippers* who sat in the snow!

The snow it was *white*, and the night-wind *blew*,
And the clouds were an ashen *grey*,
And *red* was the nose of the weary one
Who plodded his homeward way!

He shook in his shoes, but 'twas not with fear,
He was cold from his head to his toes,
So he just took a "nip" at the wayside inn
While the frost took a nip at his nose!

So the night wore on, and the snow fell fast,
And the wind went howling around,
And the owls that lodged in the belfry-tower
Screech'd an echo to the wierdly sound.

Soon silence and darkness reign'd over the land,
And the frost at my finger-ends gnaw'd
That no more could I write of this winterly *rime*,
So I thought I would wait till it thaw'd.



How Deal became Wood.

JOHN ASHTON WOOD, a smart young man,
 A joiner he by trade,
 Fell deep in love with Mary Deal,
 A deal of whom he made.

When first he saw her graceful form
 He formed at once a plan,
 And drew it out so skilfully
 A friendship soon began.

That friendship ripen'd into love
 It soon grew very plain—
 To be cut out John thought it would
 Go much against the grain.

And so he sent, address'd to her,
 A little scented note,
 Denoting all the love he felt,
 But this is what he wrote :

“Dear Mary Deal I vow to you
 For love my heart doth pine,
 From which I want you to infer
 The love I seek is thine ;

“Then if my suit accepted be
 I here of you beseech
 To grant to me an interview
 To-night upon the beach.”

When evening came, with beating heart
 The trysting place he sought ;
 He threw a glance around, and then
 Of her a glance he caught !

They met, but neither spoke a word
 As up and down they paced,
 But soon he squared himself, and drew
 A circle 'round her waist!

In tender words he her address'd,
 And thought he'd made a hit.
 He press'd his suit, but soon began
 To think it did not fit!

But inch by inch he gained his ground,
 A rule with him you see,
 But talked so long it might have been
 A double rule of three!

He saw her home, arriving there
 They linger'd for awhile;
 "'Tis here I dwell," she said, but John
 He dwelt upon her smile!

Six months pass'd by, and all went smooth,
 They met each night the same,
 Then sagely John began to think
 'Twas time the day to name.

And when at last 'twas all arranged,
 All further doubts to quell
 He straightway went and bought the ring
 With which to ring the belle.

They went to church, and while they both
 Before the parson stood
 The ring John on her finger placed,
 And lo! she turned to Wood!

That deal is wood a deal would think,
 But 'tis not always true—
 That *Deal* became but *Wood* when *spliced*
 I here have proved to you.

The Farmer's Appeal.

A FARMER lived some years ago,
 A life both free and jolly,
 But oh! there came a time when he
 Grew rather melancholy!

To tell you how this change took place
 It now is my intention,
 But first please know this tale is true,
 And not a mere invention.

Ah! true indeed, for I have heard
 My father oft repeat it!
 Oh! how the joyous laughter rang,
 With which we used to greet it!

Now understand, this farmer had
 Sown seed, and shrubs had planted—
 “I’ll have a splendid crop,” said he—
 Success he took for granted.

The time passed on, and harvest came,
 The farmer was in clover,
 But ere his crops he gather’d in,
 Dark clouds began to hover.

Said he, “At morning’s break will I
 Begin my work to-morrow”—
 Too soon did he his chickens count,
 He found to his deep sorrow.

He rose betimes, and roused his men,
 By loudly on them calling—
 Too late, alas!—no work that day,
 For rain was quickly falling!

He gather'd hope by thinking it
 Might be of short duration,
 But day pass'd by, and night had brought
 To him no consolation.

He called it an unlucky day,
 You see it was a Friday,
 Said he, "I'll wait till Monday now,
 'Twill sure to be a dry day."

It rain'd all night, it rain'd next day,
 It rain'd all day on Sunday,
 And ah! despair did fill his heart
 To find the same on Monday!

This farmer then remember'd that
 He once had heard a saying,
 That heav'n would give to those that asked,
 And so he started praying.

And as he pray'd he seem'd to feel
 His heart fresh hope was gaining,
 Although he often look'd outside
 And found it still was raining!

He pray'd, and pray'd, from morn till noon,
 He called himself a sinner,
 And cried, "O Lord, do hear my pray'r,"
 And then he got his dinner.

And having fed the inner man
 He pray'd again much stronger,
 Till bed-time came, then found that he
 That day could pray no longer.

It rain'd all night, and morning found
 His hope a little shaken—
 He cried aloud, "O Lord, am I
 Entirely forsaken?"

But still he prayed through all that day
 As on the day preceding,
 Nor stopp'd, excepting when he felt
 The body wanted feeding.

So pass'd a week, 'twas rain, still rain,
 It seem'd like everlasting,
 He thought he then besides his pray'r,
 Would try a little fasting.

And so he started well one morn,
 For sunshine loud appealing,
 He pray'd away all through that day,
 And night still found him kneeling !

He felt his knees had worn quite sore,
 So put on each a plaster,
 Then went and look'd without his door,
 But found it raining faster !

That heav'n would not grant his appeal,
 It was but too conspicuous,
 And hope died out, as he exclaim'd,
"Nay, Lord, this is ridiculous !"



William and Mary Ann.

A SERIOUS BALLAD.

WILLIAM was a captain bold,
 Not Will of black-eyed Sue,
 But William Green, with eyes of brown,
 And hair of reddish hue.

He loved a lass called Mary Ann,
 And long with her did court ;
 A steady man was he, although
 He sometimes was in *port* !

Nor did he care for games of chance,
 To play for gain or loss,
 But still 'twas known by all that he
 Indulged in *pitch and toss* !

Of parents, dead some years ago,
 He was an only son,
 And though he never learnt a trade,
 A yarn he often spun.

One day, before he sailed away,
 To Mary Ann he went,
 Said he, "I long to call you mine,
 And want but your consent ;"

"Then say, when I return from sea,
 That tied shall be the *knot*."
 But Mary Ann said "No," for she
 Another *beau* had got.

He begg'd and pray'd, she heeded not,
 His pleadings were in vain,
 So up he got, and what he said
 Was something in this strain :

“O, *Polly Ann* thus me to serve
 I scarce can think it true,
 But still 'tis plain I'm not to be
Sweet William unto you !

“Go, then, perfidious Mary Ann,
 For thou art false,” he cried,
 “And here I vow, when I am dead,
 I'll come to your bed-side.”

Then straight he went down to his ship,
 And summon'd all his crew,
 Said he, “Now listen, shipmates all,
 To what I tell to you.

“You know how long I've loved my lass,
 And thought that she loved me;
 Alas! alas! it is not so,
 As you will quickly see.

“To-day I asked her to be mine,
 At me she did but scoff;
 So long with me she's carried on
 Now her I'll carry off !

“But this I cannot do alone,
 Say, will you be my aiders ?”
 Not one refused, but then, you see,
 They all were true *cruise-aiders* !

“A simple plan I've formed,” said he,
 “A plan which cannot fail,
 At once unto some other port
 We'll make pretence to sail.

“And in the darkness of the night
 Return to shore we can,
 Then seize the opportunity,
 And also Mary Ann.”

Now William was not bad at heart,
 You know it has been said
 That love performs odd things at times,
 So love had *turned his head* !

And this no doubt accounted for
 His *backward* way of going,
 If so, then he was not to blame
 For such a course pursuing.

The sails unfurl'd, they put to sea,
 And soon were out of sight,
 Then quietly tack'd to and fro,
 And waited for the night.

And when at last the darkness fell,
 The captain's face grew stern,
 But *consternation* flew around,
 For ere they could return

A storm arose, the lightning flash'd,
 And loud the thunder roar'd,
 And while the vessel sprung a leak
 The captain sprung a-board ;

And while the water fill'd the ship,
 Dismay did fill the sailors, —
 And though they were but merchantmen,
 They proved themselves good *wailers*.

By boat they sought escape, but found
 That they did overstock her,
 And captain, crew, and all went down
 To Davy Jones' locker.

Now if 'twas not for William's oath
 I'd have no more to state,
 But what befell his Mary Ann
 To you I must relate :

At ten that night her work was done,
 She thought to bed she'd go,
 So went, and slept, it might have been,
 A couple of hours or so

When from her sleep she started up,
 And trembled with affright,
 And close beside her bed she saw
 A something all in white!

And when it spoke she felt a chill
 Which caused her flesh to creep—
 "O Mary Ann, myself and crew
 Are crusing in the deep;

"Alas! 'tis true, I, William Green,
 Am lying in the sea,
 But much it is against my *Will*
I am compelled to be.

"The time arrived for me to keep
 The oath I made to-day,
 And even had I wished it so,
 I could not stay away;

"So thought that I to-night would come,
 'Twas useless to defer it,
 Of *water* having had enough,
 I now appear in *spirit*;

"But long with you I cannot stay,
 For short now grows my power,"
 And even as it spoke, the clock
 Began to chime the hour.

"My mission here is now fulfill'd,
 Except in this degree,
 I shall not come to you again,
 So you must come to me!"

As it this last injunction gave
 It vanished into air,
 But Mary Ann still gazed upon
 The spot in blank despair.

In fact, the shock to her was such,
 Of reason it bereft her,
 And ere the morning dawn'd again
 Her breath had also left her.

Such was the case, and though it may
 Quite strange to some appear,
 The *spirit* she received that night
 Had brought her to her *bier* !

A jury met, their verdict was—
 “To us ’tis very plain
 As how that in the night she died
 Of *water* on the brain !”

But some there were who shook their heads,
 And grave things did they utter,
 And then the undertaker came
 And in a coffin put her.

They laid her ’neath the sod, and read
 O’er her a benediction,
 And at the head they placed a stone,
 And on it this inscription :

“To William, lying in the sea,
 And not beneath this stone,
 And also to his Mary Ann,
 Who lieth here alone.

“But if she had been true to him,
 And not proved a defaulter,
 Quite altered might the case have been
 By going to the altar.

“And then instead of lying here,
Or lying in the ocean,
Devoted might their lives have been
In proving their devotion ;

“But as they both from worldly care
In death have found release,
As how we can't *re-lease* their lives,
May they now rest in peace.”



A Tale of Dreamland.

To the "Hunters of the South" this poem is dedicated as a mark of gratitude for their having rid the country of so many wild and dangerous animals.

I HAD a dream, and this is what I dreamt,
 Though as a rule for dreams I feel contempt,—
 I dreamt I saw three brave and sturdy men
 Go forth to beard the lion in his den ;
 Each face with stern determination stamped
 As to the jungle these three heroes tramped.
 Each had a gun, and dogs two and a third !
 Quite true is this, though it may seem absurd ;
 Seven dogs in all, and hunters only three,
 Divide three into seven the result you then will see.
 Before they far had gone one of the braves
 Fell soft, not caring to explore the caves;
 Nor with King Lion did he wish to fight,
 So bade adieu, and then he took to flight.
 The two went on alone—pray do not think I chaff,
 Each one had his gun, and dogs three and a-half !
 Divide two into seven, or half them in the middle,
 And if you're quick you'll find a solution to the riddle.
 These hunters in their march came across an old-worn
 tent,
 Storm-beaten, as did testify each rent ;
 It proved at least a covering for the head—
 Alas ! it then turned out they'd not a crumb of bread !
 The nearest station to them was many miles away,
 But to the pangs of hunger they soon became a prey.
 They could not starve, so one of them, a warrior true
 and bold,
 Made up his mind to fetch some, then turned out into the
 cold.

A weary walk he found it, for it was twelve miles good,
 But still he wandered onward attracted by the food;
 Arriving there he purchased, and placed it on his back,
 And then retraced his steps again along the weary track;
 But every lane a turning has, 'tis said,
 And soon he had a turning—into bed.
 Upon the earth had fallen gentle sleep,
 Also snow, about twelve inches deep!
 They arose refreshed about the break of day,
 Dressed, took breakfast, then forth went to the fray.
 Though cold, it was a sweet and lovely morn,
 The East was bright with silver streaks of dawn,
 And all around in snowy robe was clad,
 A sight to make the saddest heart feel glad,
 The trees, the valley, plain, and towering hill,
 While under Winter's spell the stream was still.
 Anon, as if to sniff the frosty air,
 There proudly strode a lion from his lair;
 The battle then began, the lion bit the dust, [must,"
 Another came, the hunters cried "Now slay this one we
 And so they did; then came another, one, two, and three,
 And also over these they gained a victory.
 Then others came, until about a dozen
 Lay dead upon the snow quite stiff and frozen!
 The battle raged, and soon they added more—
 The number then had reached about three score!
 So passed the day, and as the night drew nigh
 A thousand lions on the trampled snow did lie!
 Not a single one was left to receive a parting shot—
 The battle there had raged so fierce and hot
 The very snow itself at last began to thaw.
 The scene then changed like magic, and looking on I saw
 A strange phenomenon (but in dreams it is a habit),
 Each lion had turned into a little innocent rabbit!
 I awoke, and heard this issuing from my mouth:
 "Three hearty cheers for the 'Hunters of the South.'"

Cagliostro Leger-Demain.

A *PRESTO* MOVEMENT.

CAGLIOSTRO LEGER-DEMAIN,

A man of strange ideas;
He worked on people's feelings, on
Their fancies and their fears.

And this was all the work he did,
Which may seem very strange;
But like himself his pockets, too,
Were always full of change.

To be a gentleman he thought
There was no better proof
Than seem above all others, so
He held himself aloof.

And whomsoever he should meet,
He passed them coldly by;
And walked along with stately tread,
And tossed his head on high.

He was not overstocked with brains,
The reason was assigned
That he to some one else had given
A portion of his mind!

As others had before him, he
The lover's part must play,
And thus, unasked, to one unknown
He gave his heart away.

That she might read his mighty love,
And reading it believe,
He went to her one day and wore
His heart upon his sleeve.

Then down he sank upon his knees,
 And as an offering meet,
 He offered her his hand, and laid
 His heart down at her feet.

Said heart went bumping up and down,
 A duty love confers ;
 He pleaded—she responding not,
 He raised his eyes to hers.

Then started to his feet and stood
 Transfixed with blank surprise,
 For though she spoke no word he read
 Her answer in her eyes !

He differed from the abject one
 Who had so lately “popped.”
 But then he could not look the same,
 Because his face had dropped !

She then began to talk to him,
 To comfort him she thought,
 But had not spoken very long
 Before he cut her short.

That love should turn to hatred he
 No doubt wished to impart ;
 And stonily he stared at her,
 For he had stoned his heart !

As she had cast his love aside,
 As she his soul had wrung,
 Instead of giving her his heart
 He gave to her his tongue !

His words were not so loving, and
 They were not so refined ;
 But then they could not be the same,
 For he had changed his mind.

Again she tried to speak to him,
 But found it would not do ;
 He turned his nose up haughtily,
 And snapped his fingers too.

And then she cried aloud to him,
 As from the house he fled ;
 But he responded not a word
 But simply cut her dead.

As on he flew he startled all
 The people whom he met ;
 In fact they could not make him out,
 For he was quite upset !

As he excited grew, from him
 They terror-stricken fled ;
 To them he seem'd so very strange,
 For he had lost his head !

Arrived at home, he peace nor rest
 Within his breast could find ;
 But this was not so strange, for he
 Had left his heart behind !

Reflection brought remorse, and to
 Repent he then began ;
 Yet people spoke the truth who said
 He was a heartless man.

When next he walked along the streets
 Some thought he was deranged ;
 While others recognised him not,
 Because his face was changed !

He walked not now with head on high,
 Nor yet with stately tread,
 But walked along with step so slow,
 And sadly hung his head.

And if to any one he spoke,
He never could be found
To look them in the face, but cast
His eyes upon the ground !

A would-be friend upon him called
To know what 'twas about,
But from him got no answer, for
He found him wrong side out !

The lady's friends proceeded next
To take the matter up,
But when they sought an interview,
They found him quite cut up !

It seemed to them as if he was
Of reason quite bereft,
First he himself collected, then
He scattered right and left !

He ran for very life, but found,
On taking his last stride,
He'd run himself quite out of breath,
And so of course he died.



The Inconsistency of Man.

THAT man is inconsistent, why
 It cannot be denied ;
 Beginning at his birth, he then
 Becomes his mother's pride.

And when about, say, three months old,
 If father, sister, brother,
 Or stranger seeks to coax him, he
 Turns quickly to his mother.

Though but a child, he often is
 A lamb, a duck, a shrimp !
 At times a little angel, and
 Again a little imp !

And when a year or two have passed,
 And he with action quick
 Performs some little deed, he then
 At once becomes a "brick !"

And if he be inquisitive,
 As most of tender years,
 He listens then to everything,
 And thus becomes all ears !

Or if, when shewn some little trick,
 Perform it then he can,
 He changes from a little boy
 Into a little man !

In later years for fashion he
 May form a great regard,
 And thus in other people's eyes
 Does he become a "card."

And should he dress in novel style,
 As man will sometimes do,
 Though he becomes a swell, his dress
 Will oft become him too.

The lover's part he studies next,
 And plays it full too soon,
 And then it is he often finds
 That he becomes a "spoon !"

If wedded life he enters, and
 The lady plays him rough,
 'Tis then that he acknowledges
 That he has been a "muff !"

And if his one particular friend
 His henpecked life discerns,
 Chameleon-like he'll first look black,
 Then red and white by turns !

But if with love and wealth endowed,
 If grandeur be his lot,
 He's looked upon as some one great,
 And thus becomes a "pot !"

But when asleep, and ignorant
 Of fashion, pride, and pelf,
 Whatever he may be awake,
 He then becomes himself.

And when at last his end has come,
 And closed is his life's history,
 In death he's inconsistent, for
 He then becomes a mystery !



A Cure for the Dumps.

(A RIDDLE).

LONG years ago there lived a man,
And such an aged man was he,
His years had reached a mighty span
Just like a spreading tree.

And yet his heart was light and gay,
Just as it was when but a boy,
And merry as a child's at play
With any kind of toy.

Unknown to him was worldly care,
For he with little was content,
He always had enough to spare
Because he little spent.

Great was his love for fellowman,
Because his heart was true and kind;
Than such a love let they who can
A better nature find.

How perfect would the world become
If every heart should beat like this,
How sweet would be the lives of some
Who know no loving kiss.

To be like this we should be wise,
And 'wise we should be merry, too,
A loving heart and kindly eyes
Is best for me and you.

Endeavour, then, ere time shall flee,
To make the best of all you can,
And you may then as happy be
As was this aged man.

Research is good for everyone,
Improving both the heart and mind,
Search, then, these verses, and, when done,
His secret you shall find.



SONGS.

DEDICATED TO MY NIECES,
MAUD AND AMY.

To my Nieces, Maud and Amy.

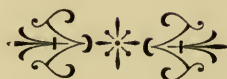
THERE is a song for ev'ry heart,
So tender, sweet, and low,
And other themes may each depart
If this we may not know.
There is a heart for ev'ry song,
Whate'er the theme may be,
And some to sighs and tears belong,
And some to mirth and glee.
Sing lightly then.
Sing brightly then,
A cheerful song is often meetest,
Sing gladly then,
Sing sadly then,
The song that pains is sometimes sweetest.

The songs that I would sing for you
Are tender, grave, and gay,
And I would sing of gladness, too,
To cheer you on life's way;
Then I would sing a loving strain,
To echo in each breast,
And mingle with each sweet refrain,
And soothe your hearts to rest.
Sing lightly then,
Sing brightly then,
A cheerful song is often meetest,
Sing gladly then,
Sing sadly then,
The song that pains is sometimes sweetest.

INDEX.

	PAGE
A Crown of Thorns	262
A Dream of Hope	233
Afterwards	251
All Love is sweet !	258
Be mine, dear Maid	237
Best of All	271
Brown Eyes	223
Buttercup and Daisy	269
Caprice	219
Come Back.. .. .	250
Come, Let us Wander	235
Cupid's Arrow	248
Drifted	274
Fairy Lamps	245
Forget me not	230
For Love's Sweet Sake	244
God Bless You	259
Good-night, Love, Good-n'ght	236
Good-night, Sweet Love	231
Hide and Seek	209
Knitting	205
Lily	232
Little Sweethearts	254
Looking Back	224
Lost and Won	215
Love	221
Love in Disgrace	256
Lovers were They	218
Love's Springtime	213
My Own	260
Neighbours	211
O, Heart of Mine	206
O, Lost Love	208

	PAGE
"Once upon a Time"	222
Over the Snow	239
Somebody's Waiting	252
Star of my Night	238
Sweetheart and I	272
Sweet Memory	240
Tell Me how to Woo	217
The Boy and the Butterfly	214
The Child's Dream	227
The Cobbler	261
The Dude's Idyll	275
The King of Kings	265
The Lily and the Rose	228
The Lily of the Valley	234
The Maiden and the Stream	247
The Mandoline Player.. .. .	263
The Prayer.. .. .	273
The Reason Why	226
The Soul's Awakening	253
Thou art my Queen	257
Two Pictures	220
What Somebody did	266
When the Heart is Young	268
When next we meet	255
With all my Heart	243
Wonderland	241



Knitting.

SHE sat at a cottage door,
 Knitting,
 And counting the stitches o'er,
 Heigho! she sighed, and knitted away,
 For someone she knew was coming that day
 The love of her heart to woo,
 And she knew not what to do!
 And the somebody came at last,
 And her heart and the needles went fast—
 Heigho! heigho! with her face aglow,
 With downcast eyes, and her head bent low,
 A fervent appeal she heard,
 But she answered never a word!
 And he went away, and as before
 She sat at a cottage door,
 Knitting.

She sat at a cottage door,
 Knitting,
 The same as the day before.
 Heigho! she sighed, and her face was pale,
 Her eyes were sad, and they told a tale
 Of a sleepless night, and a weary pain,
 Of a longing for someone to come again!
 And he came for his love was true,
 And swiftly the needles flew—
 He came to offer his last appeal,
 And the light of her eyes did the truth reveal,
 And their vows were carried to heaven above
 As they knitted their hearts together with love.
 Heigho! heigho! as the evening wore,
 Two sat at a cottage door,
 Knitting!

O, Heart of Mine.

WHAT is this thou tellest me,
 O heart of mine?
 That Love wageth war with thee
 With fell design!

Fond emotions thou must quell,
 And the tyrant Love expel,
 Keep my secret, guard it well,
 O heart of mine.
 Heart beware, and be not bought,
 Nor by flatt'ring tongue be caught,
 Won by love, by love be taught,
 O heart of mine.

Tell me why this lonesome pain,
 O heart of mine?
 Love hath been, but still in vain,
 With speeches fine!
 Gold he brought, and thought to win,
 Gold and love are not akin!
 Do not let the tyrant in,
 O heart of mine.

Heart beware, and be not bought,
 Nor by flatt'ring tongue be caught,
 Won by love, by love be taught,
 O heart of mine.

What is this thou sayest now,
 O heart of mine?
 Love hath come with solemn vow,
 Pure and divine!
 O my heart, whate'er betide,
 Open now thy portals wide,

Love at last may there abide,

O heart of mine.

Heart beware, and be not bought,

Nor by flatt'ring tongue be caught,

Won by love, by love be taught,

O heart of mine.



O, Lost Love.

Dost thou ever think, lost love,
 How we met, and what we said?
 How we pledged our vows above,
 Ere our love lay cold and dead?
 Hast thou yet re-heard the tale,
 That I told to willing ears,
 As we wander'd down the vale,
 Now, alas, a vale of tears?
 O, sweet spirit, come to me,
 Let me have one glimpse of thee,
 O, lost love—
 With my head upon thy breast
 I would ask a moment's rest,
 O, lost love.

Dost thou ever feel regret,
 Now that we are wide apart?
 Would'st thou all the past forget,
 And love banish from thy heart?
 There is one thing I would say,
 If to meet 'twere heaven's will,
 Though we parted then for aye
 I would say—"I love thee still!"
 O, sweet spirit, come to me,
 Let me tell my love to thee,
 O, lost love—
 Come to me if but in death,
 Come, and take my parting breath,
 O, lost love.

Hide and Seek.

WHERE is my sweetheart hiding,
 Hiding away from me?
 Left all alone abiding,
 Love will impatient be!
 Softly the wind is sighing,
 Sadly I hear its moan,
 For there is no replying,
 And I am here alone.
 Sweetheart, come, oh, come to me,
 Tender, loving, I will be,
 Hide your head upon my breast,
 Sweetheart, come, and be at rest.

Where shall I seek to find her,
 Shall it be far or near?
 Where have the Fates' consigned her
 Whilst I am waiting here?
 Over the hills I'll seek, love,
 Down in the deepest dell,
 To you my heart would speak, love,
 Something it has to tell.
 Sweetheart, come, oh, come to me,
 Tender, loving, I will be,
 Hide your head upon my breast,
 Sweetheart, come, and be at rest.

Where hawthorn sweet encloses,
 Where ivy tendrils creep,
 Lying amongst the roses
 Sweetheart is fast asleep!
 And I am pleased to see her,
 But, ere a kiss I take,

Love has gone forth to free her,
And she is wide awake.
But my sweetheart is with me,
Tender, loving, I will be,
Hide your head upon my breast,
Sweetheart, stay, and be at rest.



Neighbours.

SHE lived in a lowly cottage,
 And he in a stately hall,
 A barrier placed between them—
 A park and a garden wall.
 A neighbourly nod at meeting,
 Exchange of a word or two,
 A look and a smile when greeting
 “Good-morning,” and “how d’you do.”
 Just a chance acquaintance, that and nothing more,
 Just a word of friendship at a cottage door,
 Just a warmer feeling that with hope is crown’d,
 And, oh, ’tis love, yes, oh, ’tis love that makes
 the world go round.

They said that her face was bonny,
 And tender her eyes of blue,
 They said he was tall and handsome,
 And loved with a heart so true.
 ’Twas said, by the idle gossips,
 They knew what the end would be,
 That he was of lordly station,
 And she but of low degree.
 Just a chance acquaintance, that and nothing more,
 Just a word of friendship at a cottage door,
 Just a warmer feeling that with hope is crown’d,
 And oh, ’tis love, yes, oh, ’tis love that makes
 the world go round.

And thus did they meet as neighbours
 Each day as the evening wore,
 When, resting from daily labours,
 She sat at the cottage door.

And so, as the time sped onward,
They drifted on love's bright sea,
And just like the "old, old story,"

He asked her his bride to be.

Just a chance acquaintance, that and nothing more,
Just a word of friendship at a cottage door,
Just a warmer feeling that with hope is crown'd,
And, oh, 'tis love, yes, oh, 'tis love that makes
the world go round.



Love's Springtime.

I AM awoke ! In rosy splendour
 Is come the youthful day of Spring ;
 Within me is a longing, tender,
 As I to thee am hastening !
 The sun is bright, and dewdrops glisten,
 The birds their praises have begun,
 But then my sun hath not yet risen,
 For thou, my dearest, art my sun.

I come to thee, O fairest maiden,
 Nor nature's beauties hear nor see ;
 The air with perfume may be laden,
 I only know I'm nearer thee !
 My heart with love is fondly beating,
 And seeks communion with its mate,
 I come to pay my morning greeting,
 Beneath thy window, sweet, I wait.

I am alone ! yet thou hast tarried !
 A sacred feeling fills my heart
 As to the land of dreams I'm carried,
 To be with thee, though here apart.
 But now the cloud of doubt is riven,
 And sweetest dreams I realise,
 As all the light and love of heaven
 I see reflected in thine eyes.

The Boy and the Butterfly.

I SAW a boy with rosy face,
 And spirits flowing high,
 One summer's day give eager chase
 To gaudy butterfly;
 And soon he caught the glittering thing,
 And held it in his grasp,
 Too late he saw the drooping wing,
 And felt the feeble gasp.
 The pleasure o'er he fain would give
 The life he had destroyed,
 And wished that he again could live
 The hour so misemployed!

Methought, how like the boy are we!
 So eager for the chase,
 We start with hearts so light and free
 To run life's tempting race!
 The cup of joy we seize and drain,
 And then, oh, vain regret,
 We wish the time were ours again,
 Or that we could forget!
 'Tis oft a sad and broken heart
 Is left the tale to tell,
 Remorse then, keen as pointed dart,
 With us is left to dwell.

Lost and Won.

THERE was once a happy maiden,
 Happy as the day was long,
 For her life with joy was laden,
 And her heart was full of song;
 But there was a certain summer,
 And there was a certain day,
 Someone came, and saw, and won her,
 Came and stole her heart away.
 Oh, hearts are won, and hearts are lost,
 But, oh, for the one that is tempest-tost,
 But glad is the heart that, in seeking a rest,
 Doth an anchorage find in a faithful breast.

Oh, the maiden's heart had left her,
 And she knew not what to do,
 Of all joy it had bereft her,
 And her song was silent, too!
 And her breast was filled with sorrow,
 And her eyes were filled with tears—
 Would her heart come back to-morrow,
 Would it stay away for years?
 Oh, hearts are won, and hearts are lost,
 But, oh, for the one that is tempest-tost,
 But glad is the heart that, in seeking a rest,
 Doth an anchorage find in a faithful breast.

Oh, the maiden watched and waited,
 It was summer time again,
 And once more, with joy elated,
 Sang she forth a gay refrain!
 Found at last, but not to sever,
 Love-links are too tightly spun—

She had lost her heart for ever,

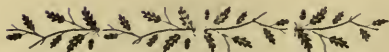
But another heart had won !

Oh, hearts are won, and hearts are lost,

But, oh, for the one that is tempest-tost,

But glad is the heart that, in seeking a rest,

Doth an anchorage find in a faithful breast.



Tell me how to Woo.

MAIDEN, with the raven locks,
 And face so sweet and true,
 Deep blue eyes so bright and soft,
 O, tell me how to woo !

Shall I, as the knights of old,
 Perform some daring deed ?
 Or at thy feet, on bended knee,
 Shall I my passion plead ?

When all is hushed, when moon and stars
 Shine brightly from above,
 Then, shall I 'neath thy window sing
 To thee a song of love ?

Or shall I seek some calm retreat,
 Beneath some spreading tree,
 And there, whilst nature breathes of love,
 Pour out my soul to thee ?

O, each of these, or all combined,
 To win thee I would do !
 Then do not keep me waiting, love,
 But tell me how to woo.

Lovers were they.

LOVERS were they—a youthful pair,
 Flushed with the golden dream ;
 Summer's best days seemed none too fair
 Passing along life's stream.
 Gaily they talked of coming years,
 Roaming through mead and vale—
 What so sweet as, to willing ears,
 Telling the old, old tale !
 Love is fickle, so they say,
 True love, though, is love for aye.

Lovers were they—a happy pair,
 Passing from summer gay
 Into the autumn, finding there
 Love's sweetest, fairest day.
 Two lovely blossoms sweetly bloomed,
 Gifts of a faithful love,
 Bringing two hearts, in each entombed,
 Nearer to heaven above.
 Love is fickle, so they say,
 True love, though, is love for aye.

Lovers were they—an aged pair,
 Life's sweetest songs were sung,
 Winterly rime had touched their hair,
 But left their hearts still young.
 Happy they seemed the whole day long,
 Wandering side by side,
 Talking of days when he was strong,
 And she a blushing bride.
 Love is fickle, so they say,
 True love, though, is love for aye.

Caprice.

YOUNG Love was in a merry mood
 As he one day went roving—
 He saw a youth and maiden stood,
 And heard their vows so loving !
 He whisper'd in the maiden's ear :
 "Decide not till the morrow !"
 She told the youth—he dash'd a tear,
 And turned away in sorrow.

Next morning found the youth once more
 Before his lady pleading,
 But Love had passed that way before,
 And so, all vows unheeding,
 She told the youth it was in vain
 And deeper grew his sorrow,
 And thus again, and still again,
 'Twas put off till the morrow !

The weeks, and months, and years pass'd by—
 The two so long had tarried,
 The youth a bachelor did die,
 The maiden never married !
 From this, true lovers all, ye may
 I think this moral borrow :
 "Whatever can be done to-day
 Put off not till the morrow."

Two Pictures.

I LOOK'D into my lady's eyes,
 She bade me "pray beware!"
 I heeded not, and with surprise
 I saw this picture there:
 A little boy with bow and dart,
 And aiming straight at me,
 He sent an arrow to my heart,
 And then he laugh'd with glee!
 Merrily dancing,
 Merrily glancing,
 Merrily laughing he.

I look'd into my lady's eyes,
 She bade me "have a care!"
 And once again with glad surprise
 I saw a picture there:
 The boy had cast his bow aside,
 And on Love's boundless sea
 He sail'd away, and, laughing, cried,
 "One conquest more to me!"
 Merrily dancing,
 Merrily glancing,
 Merrily laughing he.

Love.

LOVE is but a boy, they say,
 Who delights with hearts to play !
 But there lurks, beneath his smile,
 Mischief which he brews the while,
 Giving wounds that will not heal,
 Caring not what hearts may feel !
 Trust him not ye maidens fair,
 Love is fickle! have a care.

Love is blind ! they say, ah me,
 I believe he will not see !
 From his bow there speeds a dart,
 Straight it goes to some poor heart—
 Far and wide his arrows range,
 What cares he if love may change ?
 Trust him not ye maidens fair,
 Love is fickle! have a care.

Love is bold ! they say, ah well,
 Loving hearts alone can tell !
 But the heart may love in vain,
 And the sweetness turn to pain !
 What cares Love for broken ties ?
 What cares he for tears and sighs ?
 Trust him not ye maidens fair,
 Love is fickle! have a care.

“Once upon a time.”

ONCE upon a time, such a long time ago,
 There dwelt, in a palace built of gold,
 A princess young and fair, and golden was her hair,
 Which grew so long her form it would enfold!
 Her beauty was so great, it was talked of far and
 near,

And many sought to win her heart and hand,
 And suitors gay had she, who swore, on bended knee,
 For love they would obey her least command!

She gave to them a task, did this princess young
 and fair,

And she said, “Be he young, or be he old,
 I pray you understand I will give my heart and hand,
 Together with my palace built of gold,
 To him who first performs it, then be it known to all,
 To stir my inmost soul the task shall be,
 With the most thrilling story!” Some told of fame
 and glory,
 Whilst others told of perils of the sea.

Her soul was still unmoved when at last a suitor came,
 And told to her a simple tale of love!

He praised her golden hair, and he told her she was
 fair,

And that her eyes were like the stars above!
 Her blushes went and came, and she heaved a tender
 sigh,

And laid her hand in his when he had done,
 For love her soul had thrill’d, and love her heart had
 fill’d,

And this is how the princess fair was won.

Brown Eyes.

ONLY a pair of laughing eyes,
 Only two eyes of brown,
 But oh! by far a greater prize
 Than coronet or crown!
 Full of mischief, full of fun,
 Brimming o'er with glee,
 As the streamlet in the sun
 Dances merrily!

Only two eyes, yet dearer far
 Than jewels rich and rare,
 And brighter than the brightest star
 In summer skies so fair!
 Depth of feeling, depth of thought,
 Love and truth dwell in them,
 Such a prize could ne'er be bought,
 Love alone can win them!

A pair of dark and soul-lit eyes,
 Beaming with love divine,
 A love that sleeps but never dies,
 Though heart all else resign!
 Tender, loving, sweet and true,
 Their inmost depths reveal
 A soul so pure reflecting through,
 Where shadows dare not steal!

Looking Back.

'Twas morning, oh, so lovely,
 'Twas in the springtime fair,
A song so pure and holy
 Came floating on the air ;
I stayed awhile to listen,
 And back there came to me
The happy days of childhood,
 When life was young and free.
 Like a dream they passed before me,
 From my heart there rose a sigh,
 Yet a sweet content came o'er me,
 Looking back to days gone by.

'Twas evening in the summer,
 My heart was strangely gay,
As by the stream I lingered
 Where oft I used to stray ;
The birds were sweetly singing,
 The sun was sinking low,
And thought its flight was winging
 To days of long ago.
 Like a dream they passed before me,
 From my heart there rose a sigh,
 Yet a sweet content came o'er me,
 Looking back to days gone by.

'Twas night, so dark and cheerless,
 A winter's night so cold,
I heard a song so tender,
 A song I knew of old ;
My heart was sad and lonely,
 But listening to the strain,

The days of spring and summer

I thought I lived again.

Like a dream they passed before me,

From my heart there rose a sigh,

Yet a sweet content came o'er me,

Looking back to days gone by.



The Reason Why.

A MAIDEN came tripping along,
 And her heart was merry with song!
 "Tell me," I said,
 "My beautiful maid,
 The reason thy spirits flow high."
 "My heart is free
 As it e'er will be,
 And that is the reason why."

The maiden I met once again,
 But gone had the merry refrain!
 "Tell me," I said,
 "My beautiful maid,
 The reason you wander and sigh."
 "I cannot be gay,
 For my heart's gone astray,
 And that is the reason why."

I met the fair maiden once more,
 And her song was as sweet as before!
 "Tell me," I said,
 "The reason, dear maid,
 Of the love-light that beams in your eye."
 "My heart is at rest
 In a faithful breast,
 And that is the reason why."

The Child's Dream.

MOTHER, dear, why are you weeping,
Why do tears steal down your cheek?
I have had a dream while sleeping,
And I heard an angel speak,
But his voice was filled with sadness,
And my heart was filled with fears,
For a river flowed between us,
It was called "A mother's tears."
Mother, dear, oh, do not weep,
I in heaven to-night must sleep!

Mother, I've again been dreaming,
And I thought I was a star,
Far across the river beaming,
And I in that land so far
Heard again the angel speaking,
And his voice was sweet and mild,
To his bosom I was folded,
And he kissed your darling child.
Mother, dear, oh, do not weep,
I in heaven to-night must sleep!

The Lily and the Rose.

A ROSE bloom'd in a garden fair,
 A lily grew beside,
 A youth, in passing, pluck'd the pair,
 And placed them side by side ;
 Forget-me-nots he twined around,
 And held in their embrace,
 The rose was with sweet beauty crown'd,
 The lily filled with grace !
 But, closely press'd, he did not see
 The keen and slender dart,
 And how the rose so silently
 Had pierced the lily's heart !

He gave them to a fair young maid
 As emblem of his love,
 "Accept this gift from me," he said,
 "'Twill my devotion prove !
 As on the heart of this sweet rose
 Reclines the lily fair,
 So let your heart on mine repose,
 And dwell for ever there."
 "But see! the lily's heart is torn!"
 She cried in great dismay,
 "The rose has planted there a thorn,
 And life has passed away!"

And so it proved in after years,
 Though life had seemed so fair,
 The maiden's heart grew sad with tears,
 A thorn was planted there !
 The youth a fairer flow'r had seen,
 So cast the old aside,

And on the day he crown'd it queen
His lily droop'd and died!
And at her faithful heart they found,
(For so the story goes),
Forget-me-nots, entwined around
A lily, and a rose!



Forget me not.

THEY stood beside the garden gate,
 A youthful pair,
 And though the hour was growing late
 They lingered there :
 "And wilt thou wait for me," said he,
 "Whate'er my lot?"
 Said she, "Be true as I to thee,
 Forget me not."

"Dear love," said he, "at morning's break
 I cross the sea,
 Then wear this token for my sake,
 And think of me."
 Each dreaded in that parting hour
 They knew not what!
Her token was a little flow'r :
 "Forget-me-not."

He sailed away to lands afar
 To win a name,
 And guided by his one bright star
 He gathered fame!
 A year or more passed by, and she
 No message got,
 Her heart drooped low, alas! had he
 So soon forgot!

No, not forgot! at last there came
 Joy to her heart,
 For he returned from seeking fame
 No more to part!
 They met, the garden gate beside,
 That dear loved spot—
 He drew her to his heart, she cried,
 "Forgotten not."

Good=night, sweet Love.

SERENADE.

GOOD-NIGHT, sweet love,
 Angels above
 O'er thee their vigils are keeping ;
 Bright as yon star,
 Beaming afar,
 Be thy dreams, dearest, whilst sleeping.
 Sweet peace and rest
 Dwell in thy breast,
 But should a sorrow come near thee,
 Then have no fear,
 I will be near,
 And with my love I will cheer thee.
 Dark would the world be, love, without thee,
 Thou art my star of light,
 Sleep, then, belovéd, and wake but for me—
 Good-night, sweet love, good-night.

At morning's break,
 Dearest awake,
 At the old tryst I will meet thee ;
 Come to me there,
 Birds of the air
 With a sweet love song shall greet thee.
 So dear thou art,
 That I would part
 Sooner with life than resign thee ;
 Sleep on, sleep on,
 When I am gone,
 To heaven's care I consign thee.
 Dark would the world be, love, without thee,
 Thou art my star of light,
 Sleep, then, belovéd, and wake but for me—
 Good-night, sweet love, good-night.

Lily.

BESIDE a clear and sparkling stream,
 That rippled on with glee.
 A lovely flower bloomed alone,
 A flower fair to see!
 Whilst dewdrops glistened on its brow,
 And breezes fann'd its cheek,
 The birds, to sing their joyful songs,
 The lovely spot would seek,
 And whilst they every morning of its beauty sang in
 praise,
 Its leaves would gracefully unfold to greet the sun's
 warm rays.

The flower's summer passed away,
 Its winter came too soon,
 One night its lovely head drooped low,
 Whilst wept the silent moon!
 Low murmurs floated o'er the stream,
 The breezes softly sighed,
 And whilst the birds a requiem sang
 The fair young flower died.
 Where joyful song resounded, now is heard a plaintive
 strain,
 In memory of the flower that will never bloom again.

A Dream of Hope.

A LIGHT in the window was burning,
 In a cottage that stood by the sea,
 And a wife, who was weary with watching,
 Fell asleep with her babe on her knee!
 And, sleeping, she saw in a vision
 A barque being toss'd on the wave,
 But hope in her heart softly whisper'd
 That heav'n had the power to save!
 Oh! the winds may blow, and the tempest grow,
 But a trusting heart no fear should know!

The night's dark'ning shadows had fallen
 Fast over the land and the sea—
 Whilst the storm-king rode forth on the tempest
 A barque struggled hard to be free!
 All hope had forsaken the skipper,
 It seem'd that his prayers were in vain,
 But visions of home rose before him,
 And hope in his heart lived again!
 Oh! the winds may blow, and the tempest grow,
 But a trusting heart no fear should know!

The light in the window burn'd dimly,
 The wife of the sailor still slept,
 And down by the sea the bold skipper
 From his storm-beaten barque quickly stept
 He hasten'd away to his cottage,
 A welcome awaited him there,
 And two loving hearts were united,
 Where hope like a star shone so fair.
 Oh! the winds may blow, and the tempest grow,
 But a trusting heart no fear should know!

The Lily of the Valley.

THERE is a little flower,
 Not one of beauty rare,
 But one so pure and simple,
 A flower sweet and fair !
 When stars are brightly shining,
 'Tis then I love to tarry
 Where dwells this pretty flower,
 The lily of the valley.

There is a pretty maiden,
 With bright and sunny hair,
 With blue eyes soft and tender,
 And face so sweet and fair !
 When I from her am parting,
 And at the gate we tarry,
 I kiss the fair young flower,
 The lily of the valley.

I love the pretty maiden,
 I love to call her mine,
 I love to hear her whisper,
 "My heart is only thine!"
 When I have wooed and won her,
 And when we two shall marry,
 She'll wear, with orange blossom,
 The lily of the valley.

Come, Let us Wander.

GENTLE maiden, let us wander
 Down beside the moon-lit stream,
 Whilst my heart for thee grows fonder
 I will tell thee Love's sweet dream!
 All is hushed, the air is laden
 With a perfume rich and rare,
 Hasten then, O, sweetest maiden,
 Come, and let us wander there.

Zephyrs light are softly sighing,
 Whispers pass from tree to tree,
 Stars peep forth, the day is dying,
 Hasten then, O, love to me.
 Soft the Queen of Night is shining,
 Everything is bright and fair,
 Where the moonbeams are reclining
 Come, and let us wander there.

Airy choristers are pouring
 Forth their praise in evening song,
 Heavenward the strain is soaring,
 By the breeze 'tis borne along.
 Silence reigneth in the valley,
 Perfumed flowers scent the air,
 Maiden, sweet, O, do not tarry,
 Come, and let us wander there.

Good=night, Love, Good=night.

At her latticed window
Sits a maiden fair,
Gentle zephyrs playing
With her sunny hair;
Silver moonbeams falling
On her sweet young face
Shed a radiance 'round her
Form of gentle grace.

Sweetly meditating,
There she sits alone,
At her window waiting
For the voice of one;
See her smile of gladness,
See her eyes grow bright,
As to her is wafted,
“Good-night, love, good-night.”

Be Mine, dear Maid.

BE mine, dear maid, and I will love thee,
And guard thee from all worldly strife;
Bright as the stars that shine above thee
Shall be thy life !

'Tis not for those bright eyes I love thee,
Nor for those raven locks of thine,
'Tis not because thy face is lovely
I'd have thee mine !

For Time may of thy beauty rob thee,
The roses on thy cheeks may fade,
Thine eyes grow dim, but still I'll love thee,
My own dear maid !

We'll never part till death shall sever
The tie that is by mortal made ;
I love thee now, I'll love thee ever—
Be mine, dear maid !

Star of my Night.

STAR of my night! as I think of thee
There cometh a sweet sad strain!
But all is past and my tears fall fast,
Waiting to see thee again!

Light of my life! bright star of my hope
That beam'd in the by-gone years,
The winds sadly moan and I am alone,
Alone with my sorrow and tears!

Star of my night! through the gath'ring clouds
I watch for thy light in vain!
There gleams not a spark and my soul grows dark,
Leaving my heart filled with pain!

Star of my night! a prayer for thee
I send up to heaven afar!
And a still small voice bids my heart rejoice—
Where shinest thou now, oh, my star?

Over the Snow.

OVER the snow there cometh

The voice of a child at play ;

Over the hills it roameth,

Passing for ever away.

So do the days of childhood

Pass o'er like a fleeting dream,

Or a song that is heard in the wild-wood,

Doth fade o'er the murm'ring stream.

Over the snow there cometh

The sound of the village bells ;

Over the hills it roameth,

And this is the tale it tells :—

“Two loving hearts united,

Two hope-laden souls made one ;”

But the Winter's keen breath oft hath blighted

Ere Summer hath well begun.

Over the snow there cometh

A wild and despairing cry ;

Over the hills it roameth,

Dying away in a sigh.

'Tis of a soul uncertain

Speeding away to its doom,

As the night, with its dark sable curtain,

Doth shadow the earth in gloom.

Over the snow there cometh

A chant on the morning air ;

Over the hills it roameth,

And echoes repeat it there ;

Over the earth it ringeth ;

Over each mountain and glen ;

And this is the message it bringeth :—

“Peace and goodwill to all men.”

Sweet Memory.

GONE are the days of my youth,
Gone, nevermore to return !
Days of bright sunshine and truth,
For thee my sad heart doth yearn.
Happy and free was I then,
Sorrow to me was unknown --
Would I could live, once again,
Days that forever have flown.
 Though weary years may pass o'er,
 Though I of joys am bereft,
 Though youthful days come no more,
 Still have I sweet memory left.

Gone are the friends whom I loved,
Friends who were tender and true ;
Gone are the scenes where we roved
Down where the wild flowers grew.
Passed like a beautiful dream,
Leaving the heart filled with pain,
Those happy days it would seem
Will never more come again.
 Though they for ever are o'er,
 Though I of joys am bereft,
 Though I meet loved ones no more,
 Still have I sweet memory left.

Wonderland.

THERE sits a child with pensive face,
And wonder in its eyes,
Where recent tears have left a trace
Of sadness and of sighs !
And as the look of wonder grows,
At fancies pictured there,
The tear-stained face with rapture glows,
And life seems bright and fair.
But the dream is finished, and the spell is o'er,
And the eyes are sad again that were glad before,
Back to earth the spirit comes, and the heart is sore,
Lives there but in wonderland joy for evermore !

A maiden sits in thoughtful mood,
Her eyes are red with tears,
For someone's heart her own has woo'd,
Yet left it filled with fears,
But sitting there her eyes grow bright,
A glad look enters there,
As airy fancies take their flight,
And love grows sweet and fair.
But the dream is finished, and the spell is o'er,
And the eyes are sad again that were glad before,
Back to earth the spirit comes, and the heart is sore,
Lives there but in wonderland love for evermore !

THERE sits a woman aged with years,
And sorrow's deep'ning pain,
And through a mist of rising tears
She views the past again,
But as the vision fades away ,
Her eyes are filled with light,
The dawning of a brighter day
When dark has been the night.

But the dream is finished, and the pain is o'er,
And the eyes have smiled again that were sad before,
From the earth the soul has fled to that golden shore,
Finding in the wonderland rest for evermore.



With all my Heart.

OH, never deem my love untrue,
 Whatever else may be,
 It will not roam away from you,
 You are so dear to me!
 But if it be that we should part,
 All fears then cast aside,
 For I'll be true with all my heart
 Whatever else betide.

With all my heart I love you,
 Let doubtings then be o'er,
 I could not, dearest, love you less,
 Nor could I love you more,
 For you are all the world to me,
 Together or apart,
 And if my love is what you ask,
 Why, take it with all my heart.

Though love may come with false design,
 And tale yet sweetly told,
 Its song is still a song divine,
 And though the theme be old,
 Yet once again I'll sing, dear love,
 The sweet refrain to you,
 And trust with all my heart to prove
 That love is sometimes true.

With all my heart I love you,
 Let doubtings then be o'er,
 I could not, dearest, love you less,
 Nor could I love you more,
 For you are all the world to me,
 Together or apart,
 And if my love is what you ask,
 Why, take it with all my heart.

For Love's sweet Sake.

'Tis at a rustic garden gate,
A youth and a maiden stand,
And though the hour is growing late,
They linger there hand in hand.
"Farewell," said he, his voice was sad,
Yet tender the words he spake,
"Fear not, but let your heart be glad,
I love you for love's sweet sake."

'Tis hard when kindred souls must part,
And last spoken words are heard,
With none to cheer the lonely heart,
With tender and loving word.
"Oh stay," said he, "those falling tears,
And sweet consolation take,
For love so true should know no fears,
I love you for love's sweet sake."

"Farewell, farewell, dear love," said he,
And this was his last "good-bye ;"
"Be true, dear love, be true to me ;"
She answered him with a sigh.
"But ere I go, oh, hear my vow :
I swear by this kiss I take,
In after years the same as now,
To love you for love's sweet sake."

Fairy Lamps.

IN the twilight dimly falling,
Shadows flitting here and there,
Sits a maiden idly dreaming,
For her heart knows naught of care !
And she pictures, in the shadows,
Fancies born of fancy free,
Whilst the glow of dying embers,
Fairy lanterns seem to be.
Thus she muses in her dreaming,
As the lights and shadows fall,
Though the soul be dark and dreary,
Hope will light the path for all.

But there comes a time of sorrow,
And a time of weeping, too,
For the maiden's heart has left her,
And she knows not what to do.
Once again she dreams in fancy,
In the shadows of the day,
And the fairy-lights, that follow,
Seem to chase her fears away !
Thus she muses in her dreaming,
As the lights and shadows fall,
Though the soul be dark and dreary,
Hope will light the path for all.

Sits she in the light of even,
Dreaming o'er again the past,
For her heart is placed in keeping,
And she knows 'tis safe at last,
And the shadows, growing deeper,
Weave a spell she would not break,

Whilst the fairy-lights reveal her
Looking glad for someone's sake.
Thus she muses in her dreaming,
As the lights and shadows fall,
Though the soul be dark and dreary,
•Hope will light the path for all.



The Maiden and the Stream.

A MAIDEN, one day, sat beside a stream,
 A sorrowful maid was she,
 Sat weeping and dreaming an idle dream,
 Of one who had gone to sea!
 And pale was her face, and her eyes were sad,
 And low was her trembling cry:
 "O stream have you heard of my sailor lad?"
 And this was the stream's reply:
 "I come from afar, where the sea-birds sing,
 And merrily go my way,
 And messages tender I sometimes bring,
 And messages grave and gay;
 Then be of good cheer, let your heart be glad,
 The message I bring for you
 Is, 'Love to my lass from her sailor lad,
 Who loves with a love so true.' "

The birds, overhead, sang a glad refrain,
 The stream ran merrily by,
 And joy filled the heart of the maiden again
 At hearing the stream's reply!
 Her tears and her sadness gave place to song,
 As gaily she went her way,
 Whilst murmur'd the stream as it flow'd along,
 Still seeming to her to say:
 "I come from afar, where the sea-birds sing,
 And merrily go my way,
 And messages tender I sometimes bring,
 And messages grave and gay;
 Then be of good cheer, let your heart be glad,
 The message I bring for you
 Is, 'Love to my lass from her sailor lad,
 Who loves with a love so true.' "

Cupid's Arrow.

WHEN Love was young, and idly playing,
 He shot an arrow through the air,
 And high and far it flew, then swaying,
 It fell to earth he knew not where !
 His childish heart was filled with sorrow,
 As he to Venus quickly hied :
 " High in the air I shot an arrow,
 Oh ! tell me where it fell ! " he cried.
 " Sheathed in a heart, may be,
 Of some tender flower,
 Go and search abroad," said she,
 " Go and know thy power ! "

At morn he in a garden wander'd
 Where bloom'd the lily and the rose,
 And as he linger'd there and ponder'd,
 He saw their velvet lips uncloze,
 Each flow'r a heart to him revealing,
 But still he found no arrow there,
 A weariness o'er him came stealing,
 And filled his young heart with despair !
 " Sheathed in a heart, may be,
 Of some tender flower,
 Where now shall I search," cried he,
 " And thus learn my power ? "

Aweary, and heart sad with weeping,
 Again he sought a garden fair ;
 A sweet rose of a maiden sleeping
 He saw amongst the flowers there !
 He pressed her lips, her eyes unclosing,
 She drew the wanderer to her breast,

And whilst upon her heart reposing
He found his arrow safe at rest
Sheathed in her maiden heart!
Not his the hand to sever,
He knew the pain it would impart
So left it there for ever !



Come Back.

THE evening was still, the twilight was low,
 The birds' vesper songs were done,
 When keeping the tryst, but one year ago,
 I waited and watch'd alone.

O love that I thought was true,
 O love that was told in vain,
 O love that had fled, O heart that lay dead,
 Murm'ring its sad song of pain:

Come back my love to me,
 Come love that was to be,
 Low the wind is sighing,
 Whilst thus my heart is crying :
 When love shall cease to be,
 Leaving thee only,
 When thy heart is lonely
 Come back, my love, to me.

In winter's cold days, in blossom of spring,
 In summer when all is gay;
 In autumn when beauty hath taken to wing,
 And love shall have passed away;
 In life's ever changing scene
 A thought may still live for me,
 But though wide apart, yet deep in my heart,
 Ever the one song shall be:

Come back my love to me,
 Come love that was to be,
 Low the wind is sighing,
 Whilst thus my heart is crying :
 When love shall cease to be,
 Leaving thee only,
 When thy heart is lonely,
 Come back, my love, to me.

Afterwards.

(SEQUEL TO "COME BACK.")

THOUGH years have passed since last we met,
 Oh, do not say that love is cold,
 'Tis better that we should forget,
 And link the new love with the old.
 'Tis but the past that now is dead,
 Not love that feels the winter's chill,
 For this I know, though years have fled,
 I love you still, I love you still,
 Dearest and best, love, dearest and best,
 Waiting is over, love is at rest,
 Thus do we meet, love, passing the test,
 Dearest and best, love, dearest and best.

Ah, no, 'tis not that love is cold,
 For love may live through weary years!
 As rain-clouds oft are lined with gold
 So love is sweeter bathed in tears.
 Then let your heart be young again,
 As in the days of long ago,
 For even now, as even then,
 I love you so, I love you so.
 Dearest and best, love, dearest and best,
 Waiting is over, love is at rest,
 Thus do we meet, love, passing the test,
 Dearest and best, love, dearest and best.

Somebody's Waiting.

SHE wander'd alone, ere the sun went to rest,
 A sweet little maid of nine,
 So happy and free, and array'd in her best
 Was she for the weather was fine.
 The birds chirp'd and nodded, while seeming to say,
 "Sweet maid, come sit under the tree,"
 But shaking her head, she replied, "No, good-day,
 For somebody's waiting for me."

The wind kiss'd her cheeks to a radiant glow;
 The sunlight danced round her feet;
 The stream gaily sang, 'mid its murmurings low;
 The lambs gave a soft plaintive bleat;
 Each one, to the maiden, was seeming to say,
 "Oh! stay, our fair mistress to be;"
 But shaking her head, she replied, "No, good-day,
 For somebody's waiting for me."

The sunlight had faded in crimson and gold,
 And sleep reign'd in field and lane,
 The lambs had been gather'd up into the fold;
 The maid was returning again;
 The stars seemed to say with their soft twinkling light,
 "At home little maidens should be;"
 And nodding her head, she replied, "Yes, good-night,
 For somebody's waiting for me."

The Soul's Awakening.

'Twas in a cathedral city,
 She passed through the crowded street,
 A stranger to love and pity,
 With nowhere to stay her feet!
 Her life had been one great shadow,
 And darkness had reigned within,
 Nor pleading, nor weeping in sorrow,
 Had lightened her weight of sin!
 From kindred and dear ones parted,
 And shun'd by the rich and poor,
 She, weary and broken-hearted,
 Sank down at the Minster door.

There, kneeling in meek submission,
 She peer'd through the open door,
 And saw, as it seem'd, the vision
 Of Love that is evermore.
 The Minster was filled with glory,
 A speaker was heard within
 Repeating the simple story
 That told of a ransom'd sin.
 The choristers sang of gladness,
 Which lifted her weight of cares,
 And casting aside her sadness
 She mingled her voice with theirs:
 Thou art indeed my Saviour,
 Thou art my God above,
 Thou art my Lord and Master,
 Thou art my soul's great love.
 Thus hath Thy Word been spoken,
 Strong with its love divine—
 Lord, though my heart be broken,
 Take me, my soul is Thine.

Little Sweethearts.

SHE was six and he was ten,
 Little playmates they ;
 All their secrets they would tell,
 For they loved each other well,
 In their childish way ;
 And they played at sweethearts, too,
 Just as older people do,
 And he tried his best to woo,
 Yet 'twas only play.

He grew up and so did she,
 Ten years passed away ;
 Constant changes rule the heart,
 And their lives grew wide apart,
 It might be for aye.
 Did he ever think of her ?
 Did her thoughts to him refer ?
 Did that love their heart strings stir
 When 'twas only play ?

Once again they met and loved,
 It was summer gay ;
 Now he woo'd a blushing maid,
 Telling her of vows, once said,
 On a by-gone day.
 Seeds of love, in childhood sown,
 Into riper love had grown,
 And they, though long years have flown,
 Oft at sweethearts play.

When next we Meet.

How will it be when next we meet ?

Will gladness then be yours and mine,
Or will the past have grown less sweet,
And love's fair sun have ceased to shine ?

My heart is chill'd with anxious fears

That you may not so constant be,
Yet why should absence change to tears

The love that gave your heart to me !

But still if love has lived to die,

If bygone days are now less sweet,

'Twere best that we should say good-bye

When next we meet, when next we meet.

Your eyes that beamed with love divine—

Your lips that warmed with kisses sweet—

Your heart that once was only mine—

How will it be when next we meet ?

'Twere better if we had not met

Than love should now inconstant be,

And yet I would not once forget

When love first gave your heart to me

But still if love has lived to die,

If bygone days are now less sweet,

'Twere best that we should say good-bye

When next we meet, when next we meet.

Love in Disgrace.

Love went roaming forth one day,
With his bow and arrows,
And he was a sportsman gay,
Shooting hearts, not sparrows.
And he shot of hearts a few,
All their charms revealing,
Then he laughed, for well he knew
The smart each one was feeling.
Oh! love is pleasure, love is pain,
And love is sweet and true!
So love may come, and not in vain,
To stay with me and you.

Love went roaming forth again,
It was on the morrow,
And his heart was filled with pain
Born of childish sorrow.
But a smile lit up his face,
All the dimples wooing,
And he soon forgot disgrace
In other mischief doing.
Oh! love is pleasure, love is pain,
And love is sweet and true!
So love may come, and not in vain,
To stay with me and you.

Thou art my Queen.

I'LL sing to thee, and yet thou may'st not hear me,
 A song of love to mingle with thine own—
 I know not if thou art afar or near me,
 For thou and I to each are all unknown !
 I love thee, sweet, and yet I may not meet thee
 As on the world we wander day by day ;
 With loving smile or look I may not greet thee,
 Nor speak the tender words that sweethearts may ;
 And yet thou art my queen, where-e'er thou reignest,
 My life, my love, to whom, on bended knee,
 I pledge my heart, nor ask thee if thou deignest,
 To take from one thou may'st not know, nor see.

I sometimes feel that thou art somewhere nearer,
 As if our souls in loving touch had met,
 'Tis then I know that thou art growing dearer,
 And love is mingled with a sad regret
 That someday we may meet, and in our meeting
 No sign will show to us that love is nigh,
 And we may pass without a single greeting,
 Without a word of welcome or good-bye ;
 And yet thou art my queen, where-e'er thou reignest,
 My life, my love, to whom, on-bended knee,
 I pledge my heart, nor ask thee if thou deignest
 To take from one thou may'st not know, nor see.

All Love is Sweet !

ALL love is sweet ! then let me taste
Its sweetness from your lips,
Nor give to me with eager haste,
But just in dainty sips !
And breathe to me with tender speech,
In words that sweeter grow,
A language that alone can teach
Me all that I would know.
All love is sweet ! and yet how small
Is love to you and me,
Unless that we are all in all
For all eternity !

All love is sweet ! then let me see
It smiling from your eyes,
For love is all the world to me
If wearing no disguise !
And let me search your heart and find,
Deep, deep within its core,
A perfect, steadfast love enshrined,
To live for evermore.
All love is sweet ! and yet how small
Is love to you and me,
Unless that we are all in all
For all eternity !

God Bless You.

A CHRISTMAS SONG.

THE hour is passed. Hark! hark! the midnight chime!

Across the frozen snow the bells are ringing—

The Spirit of Goodwill, this Christmas time,

Toward the slumb'ring world its flight is winging.

Awake! and hear the message that it brings—

Blest is the heart that in the gift rejoices—

'Tis wafted down to earth by angel wings,

And chanted by a host of angel voices!

Arise, and walk in peace this sainted day,

And if your foes with unkind words oppress you,

Be Christ-like, and forgive, be quick to say

God bless you.

'Tis Peace, Goodwill, and Charity, and Love—

These are the angel-gifts to mortals given,

And this the message sent us from above

To echo back across the plains of heaven.

Rejoice! rejoice! all people of the earth,

And let your songs be songs of peace and gladness,

That drifting friends may know a friendship's worth,

While Love's warm rays disperse the clouds of
sadness!

And in your homes let kind hearts rule the day,

Dear loved ones there are waiting to caress you,

Then kiss them all, and teach each one to say

God bless you.

My Own.

How shall I seek to win thee, dearest heart ?

How shall I best love's fondest wish obey ?

The light of day in shadow will depart,

And darkness come to steal my love away !

But as the waters mingle as they meet,

So love shall flow in love, and deeper seem—

At morn, at noon, at eve, I'll love thee, sweet,

And in the hour of rest of thee I'll dream.

And I will pray, and this my pray'r shall be :

That love may be as sweet when years have flown,

That I may know no life apart from thee,

My love alone, my dearest heart, my own.

'Tis not enough, such fleeting love as this !

To sigh, and then to faint with trembling breath ;

To live but in the passion of a kiss,

And then to die, and fade away in death !

But when we pass beyond the crystal sea,

I then would meet thee in the realms above,

And pleading with my Lord on bended knee,

The guerdon I would ask should be thy love.

So I will pray, and this my pray'r shall be :

That when our souls to fairer lands have flown,

Then shalt thou be, for all eternity,

My love alone, my dearest heart, my own.

The Cobbler.

THE cobbler sits at his bench all day,
 With a rap, rap, rap,
 And a tap, tap, tap,
 And merry and blithe is his song always,
 Like a man who lives for pleasure !
 But whenever he feels his spirits sink,
 Whether right or wrong he does not think,
 But he goes to the inn, and he takes a drink
 From a full and brimming measure.
 And his rap, rap, rap,
 And his tap, tap, tap,
 Is done when the day is ending,
 And the merry, merry wight,
 Though he breaks at night,
 To-morrow will again be mending.

The parson calls at his shop to pray,
 But a rap, rap, rap,
 And a tap, tap, tap,
 Is all that the cobbler has to say,
 Not a rap for sermons caring !
 But across to the inn does he cast his eye,
 For talking, he says, always makes him dry,
 And he gives to the parson this quaint reply,
 My sole I am oft repairing.
 And his rap, rap, rap,
 And his tap, tap, tap,
 Is done when the day is ending,
 And the merry, merry wight,
 Though he breaks at night,
 To-morrow will again be mending.

A Crown of Thorns.

DIM was the light in a faded room,
 For shadows were resting there,
 Showing but faintly, in deep'ning gloom,
 A maiden so young and fair!
 Sat she alone with an aching head,
 And eyes that were wet with tears,
 Mourning the loss of a love now dead,
 And weeping for after years.
 Turning her steps to that heav'n above,
 From paths where her feet had trod,
 Laying her heart at the shrine of love,
 But leaving her soul with God.

Love in the summer had sped his dart,
 And life was a golden dream;
 Glad was the song that had touched her heart,
 For love was the reigning theme.
 Promise it gave of an after day,
 For hope and belief were strong;
 Love, though, too quickly had passed away,
 And sorrow had hush'd the song.
 Sitting alone with her heart's sad pain,
 In shadowy robe arrayed,
 Wearing the Crown with its sinless stain,
 The sin of a love betrayed.
 Mercy, O my Lord and King,
 With all my sins I come to Thee;
 Simply to Thy Cross I cling,
 O God, be merciful to me.

The Mandoline Player.

HE stroll'd through the town in the eventide,
 And sang in each silent street ;
 His bearing was tall, with a touch of pride,
 His voice was so rare and sweet.
 He plaintively touch'd his mandoline string,
 And sang of a love's unrest,
 The song that I loved so to hear him sing,
 The song that he loved the best.
 Nearest, and dearest, love of my heart,
 Lonely I wander, ever apart ;
 Cold is the world, love, weary the pain,
 Waiting, belov'd one, to see thee again.

His story was told in the town next day,
 As how, in the bygone years,
 The one who was dearest had passed away,
 And pleasure had turned to tears ;
 And when, in the night, his voice again rang,
 I knew of his heart's unrest,
 And better I loved his song as he sang
 Of her whom he'd loved the best.
 Nearest, and dearest, love of my heart,
 Lonely I wander, ever apart ;
 Cold is the world, love, weary the pain,
 Waiting, belov'd one, to see thee again.

'Twas whispered abroad, and the people wept,
 Next day as the evening wore,
 To hear that the singer and song both slept,
 To waken on earth no more ;
 His mandoline lay with a broken string,
 But he, with his soul's unrest,

Had gone, with the song that he used to sing,
To her whom he'd loved the best.

Nearest, and dearest, love of my heart,
Lonely I wander, ever apart ;
Cold is the world, love, weary the pain,
Waiting, belov'd one, to see thee again.



The King of Kings.

THE clouds are dark above the holy city,
 And One is passing through the crowded streets,
 Whose heart is sad, whose eyes are filled with pity,
 As, looking 'round, no loving gaze He meets!
 Reviled and scorned, He wanders on so slowly,
 With falt'ring step, and heavy laden, too,
 And as He passes by with mien so lowly,
 The people jeer, not knowing what they do.

Of lowly birth, and yet they there behold Him
 Far greater than the Kings of fairest lands!
 Bring forth the crown, with purple robe enfold Him,
 For monarchs all shall brook His least commands!
 With cruel taunt the people bow before Him,
 No royal crown of gold His brow adorns,
 Yet, evermore, all nations shall adore Him,
 Whose earthly crown is but a crown of thorns.
 All hail! all hail! the King of Kings,
 For peace, and love, and joy He brings!
 Let heav'n and earth His name adore,
 And crown Him Lord for evermore.

What Somebody Did.

SOMEBODY watch'd for somebody's coming,
 Somebody whisper'd somebody's name,
 Somebody's thoughts were absently roaming,
 Somebody blush'd when somebody came.
 But it is a secret I ought not to tell,
 Yet if I reveal it keep and guard it well,
 For it may not matter if I speak it low,
 Yet it is a secret you ought not to know.
 Somebody's thoughts still absently wander'd,
 Somebody knew what somebody sought,
 Somebody loves me somebody ponder'd,
 Yes, that is just what somebody thought.

Somebody's heart with love was o'erflowing,
 Somebody's eyes look'd tender and true,
 Somebody's love to somebody showing,
 Somebody guess'd what somebody knew.
 But it is a secret I ought not to tell,
 Yet if I reveal it keep and guard it well,
 For it may not matter if I speak it low,
 Yet it is a secret you ought not to know.
 Somebody heard when somebody pleaded,
 Somebody's cheeks were burning and red,
 Somebody's "yes" was all that was needed,
 And that is just what somebody said.

Somebody play'd with somebody's tresses,
 Somebody's eyes would somebody's meet,
 Somebody smiled at loving caresses,
 Somebody's lips look'd temptingly sweet.
 But it is a secret I ought not to tell,
 Yet if I reveal it keep and guard it well,
 For it may not matter if I speak it low,
 Yet it is a secret you ought not to know.

Somebody thought, would somebody steal it !
Somebody would if somebody bid,
Somebody kiss'd ! hush, do not reveal it,
But that is just what somebody did.



When the Heart is Young.

THE fields are bespangled with flowers gay,
 And the noon-day sun is high,
 And laughter is heard whilst the children play
 As the moments swiftly fly.
 Oh, fair is the summer of youth's bright hours,
 And the bells are gladly rung,
 And sweet is the scent of the perfumed flow'rs
 When the heart is young.

But drear is the night when the sun hath set,
 And the clouds are gath'ring o'er,
 And sad is the heart that would fain forget
 All the golden days of yore,
 For dark are the hours when the tears are shed,
 And the bell is sadly toll'd,
 And faint are the flow'rs, lying sere and dead,
 When the heart is old.

Oh, grey is the mist in the winter sky,
 And the hills are crowned with white,
 And slowly the river is winding by
 To the dark and solemn night.
 The bells ring adieu to a world of strife,
 And the winter night is chill,
 And flow'rs, that were dead, come again to life
 When the heart is still.

Buttercup and Daisy.

A BUTTERCUP grew in a meadow sweet,
And danced in the summer breeze,
Or languidly dozed when the noon-day heat
Spread over the slumbering trees.
A shy little daisy grew deep in the grass,
So sweet in its innocent pride,
Contented if only for ever to pass
Its days at the buttercup's side.
A secret was breathed to the evening air,
And whisper'd across the lea,
That the buttercup tall loved the daisy fair,
And soon would they wedded be.

The echoes had answer'd the last good-night,
The birds were asleep in the nest,
And the moon looked down with its silvery light
On a world that had sunk to rest.
The buttercup lower'd its golden head,
A watch o'er the daisy to keep,
While zephyrs stole softly around their bed,
And rocked them together to sleep.
And the harebells rang with a ding, dong, ding,
And tinkled it over the green,
That the buttercup tall was the daisy's king,
And she was the buttercup's queen.

The night passed away and the morning was fair,
The birds sang a glad refrain,
And the flowers awakened and scented the air,
And danced in the breezes again.
And children went there in the meadow to play,
With hearts that were merry and light,

And gather'd a posy of flowers so gay
Of yellow, of pink, and of white,
And one little hand to the buttercup roved,
And the daisy that grew at its side,
And as they together had lived and loved,
Together they droop'd and died.



Best of All.

Do you love me best and dearest,
 As you once did long ago?
 Am I still to you the nearest?
 Will you always love me so?
 From the past, so fraught with pleasure,
 Sweetest moments I recall—
 Other loves my heart may treasure,
 But I love you best of all.

Do you love me then, the dearest,
 As you once did long ago?
 Am I still to you the nearest?
 Will you always love me so?

Let me for a moment hold you
 With your head upon my breast,
 And whilst loving arms enfold you
 Be at rest, love, be at rest;
 For in moments, such as this is,
 When each heart is held in thrall,
 And the ransom is love's kisses,
 So I love you best of all.

Do you love me then, the dearest,
 As you once did long ago?
 Am I still to you the nearest?
 Will you always love me so?

Sweetheart and I.

THE shadows have gathered around my heart
 As clouds o'er a winterly sky,
 And cold is the world as we wander apart,
 My dear little sweetheart and I.
 My sun hath dipped low in its western isle,
 And night hath o'er-shadow'd my day,
 Then come back to me with the old sweet smile,
 And chase all the shadows away.
 Hasten then, oh, my dearie,
 Come back again to me,
 Sad is my heart and weary,
 Waiting so long for thee.

Oh, fair be the morning when love shall be,
 And glad be the theme of its song,
 And sweet be the message that cometh to me
 Though weary the waiting and long;
 For dark are the clouds in the heavens above,
 And shadows still lingering fall,
 Then come back to me with the old sweet love,
 And smilingly banish them all.
 Hasten then, oh, my dearie,
 Come back again to me,
 Sad is my heart and weary,
 Waiting so long for thee.

The Prayer.

ALONE, unloved, she sought to rest,
In grief had passed her years ;
No loving hand that once caress'd,
Nor smile was there to stay her tears.
No kindly heart her grief to share,
Or lead when footsteps strayed,
She only knew a dark despair
That left her soul in gloom arrayed.
So frail, and so forlorn, she could but weep,
And pray ere closed her eyes in sleep :

“Jesu, looking from above,
See me here in sadness weeping ;
Give me now Thy promised love,
Take me, Lord, into Thy keeping.
Holy Saviour hear me,
Take me to Thy loving breast—
Oh, now, for ever to be near Thee,
That I with Thee may be at rest.”

Drifted.

DARK, dark is the night, and the river is cold,
The wind shivers past with a sigh,
And fear chills the heart, like a knell that is toll'd,
Whilst heaven weeps in pity on high.
The river is still where the dark shadows creep,
A girl-form is laid on its breast,
So peaceful and calm that she seems but asleep,
As if she were taking her rest!

Was life but a burden that chill'd her young heart,
Or had she no womanly claim?
Had Love been a traitor in playing his part,
And left her the sin and the shame?
Then turning her steps to that heaven above,
From paths where in sin she had trod,
Still laying her heart at the fountain of love,
She gave up her soul to her God!

The Dude's Idyll.

A DUDE once through a meadow strayed,

As meekly as a dove ;

He met a simple rustic maid,

And talked to her of love ;

His speech in studied words he put—

“Dear maid, I love you true !

Do you love me ? ”

Then answer'd she,

“I dearly love my donkey, but

I do not, sir, love you.”

With a quack, quack, quack,

And a caw, caw, caw,

And a ninny nonny O,

Hee-haw.

He cast on her a sweet sad look,

Which overtaxed his brain,

And then he leaned upon his crook,

Like any shepherd swain,

And murmur'd, as he gazed above,

“Deal gently with me, do.”

She bent her head,

And sweetly said,

“A fat and tender goose I love,

But do not, sir, love you.”

With a quack, quack, quack,

And a caw, caw, caw,

And a ninny nonny O,

Hee-haw.

He rigid grew, and gasp'd “Ta-ta,”

And there he stood transfixed,

And like some pickles in a jar

He very much was mixed !

And then the simple rustic maid
Extended both his arms,
And left him there
The crows to scare,
And warn all other dudes who strayed,
And vexed with love's alarms.
With a quack, quack, quack,
And a caw, caw, caw,
And a ninny nonny O,
Hee-haw.



SONNETS.

DEDICATED TO MY BROTHERS.
EDGAR AND PERCY.

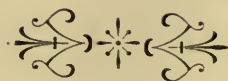
To my Brothers, Edgar and Percy.

THERE is a theme of such a wondrous pow'r,
That had its birth ere yet the world began ;
A theme that liveth in the soul of man,
To death unknown, since Music is its dow'r.
There is a theme of true poetic fire,
A mind-creation, soaring, in its flight,
Still up, and up, as fresher thoughts inspire,
Until it reacheth to Parnassian height.
And 'tis to thee this lofty theme I send,
That thought and soul in unity may blend
With that sweet theme which, born in realms above,
Existence had in all its nobler birth,
Until the angels sent it down to earth
To bind the hearts of men—a brother's love.

INDEX.

	PAGE
A Birthday Greeting	302
A Study	316
A Summer's Night	325
A Yorkshire Idyll	285
Beaconsfield	324
Beethoven	328
Dawn	334
"Dolly"	310
Idleness	307
In Memoriam	317
In Memoriam	321
In Memoriam	330
Love	299
March	318
Music	298
My Valentine	326
On a Birthday	322
On a Twenty-first Birthday	327
On a Wedding	329
On hearing a Princess sing	304
On hearing my brother Edgar play on the Violin	314
On two Texts	311
Parting	300
Suite of Three Love Sonnets:—	
1. Serenade	295
2. Tryst	296
3. Lullaby	297
The "Emperor" Stradivari	332
The Halifax Sunday Schools Commemoration, 1885	312
The Oak and the Ash.. .. .	290
To————	306
To————	309
To————	313

					PAGE
To————	315
To————	320
To————	323
To a Friend	333
To a Violin	301
To Love	303
To Maud	305
To my Brother George Percy	319
To my Pipe	308
To Nikita	331



I.—V.

A Yorkshire Idyll.

I.

It was a fair Spring morning, and the dew
Had decked sweet Nature's form with crystal gems ;
The smiling sun o'er all a splendour threw,
More dazzling than the richest diadems !
The lark had raised itself from out its nest,
And winged its joyous flight up to the skies,
Whilst chanticleer proclaimed to all, " Arise,
The night hath passed, arouse ye from your rest."
The air was fragrant with the hawthorn's breath,
And gay, as if all sin had passed in death ;
So thought a happy maid, nor tears, nor sighs,
Knew she as, keeping tryst, she waited there,
Her face of tender loveliness, and fair,
With all the light of heaven in her eyes.

2.

WHEN summer time hath gone, and autumn leaves,
All dead and sere, lie strewn upon the ground,
When songsters perch no longer on the eaves
To gladden with their sweet and joyous sound,
What mem'ries linger of the gladsome past,
And how we miss the sun's warm genial light,
The love and happiness, the life so bright,
That cloudlets even failed to overcast!
But with the fallen leaves come fallen hopes,
As heavy clouds roll down the mountain slopes!
And though the sun may rise to noon-day height,
There is a shadow with its brightest ray;
And even summer's longest, fairest day
Doth clothe itself in mourning robes of night.

3.

A YORKSHIRE homestead, resting peacefully
Amid the quiet of a sheltered vale,
With nothing to disturb its harmony;
And yet a maid with wistful face, and pale,
Stole from its roof into the silent night,
And wandered 'neath the moon's soft, mellow tone
Her heart as troubled as the sea's sad moan,
For broken faith, and for a shattered plight!
A lovers' meeting, and a last good-bye,
An earnest pleading and a moaning cry.
Her face with tenderness no longer shone,
The light of heaven had left the loving eyes,
The maiden answered but with tears and sighs
The one "Good-night" that left her heart so lone.

4.

“GOOD-NIGHT!” If lightly spoken words, alas!

They speak of parting, be it only brief;

And though the night in calm repose shall pass,

The dawn may open on a day of grief!

“Good-night!” The words are said, and lips are
pressed,

Whilst loving hands remain close locked and tight;

All shadows pass as if some heavenly light

Illumed the chambers of each faithful breast.

Breathed in soft tones or rung upon the air,

Uttered in love, affection, or despair,

Oft in the after years when memory's sight

Revealeth some fair form, some loving face,

Remembrance then upon the heart will trace

The sadness or the sweetness of “Good-night.”

5.

A COUNTRY chapel-yard, where quiet rest
Is theirs whom Death hath folded in his arms ;
Locked in the close embrace of earth's cold breast,
Dead to all worldly passions, fears, and charms.
A breaking heart that findeth no relief,
A sad procession following its dead
With bow'd-down heart, with slow and solemn tread,
Mourning, and weeping parting tears of grief.
The village lads and maids are gathered there,
Each bearing a last gift of flowers fair ;
White wreaths are placed upon the coffin head,
The villagers their tributes too have paid,
Then sadly quit the spot, and leave the maid
Alone, and sleeping in her floral bed.

VI.—X.

The Oak and the Ash.

AN IDYLL.

I.

AN oak in all its royal grandeur stood,
 Its summit proudly rearing to the skies,
 Withstanding all the shocks of storm and flood,
 Defying winds that in fierce bluster rise !
 And by its side a slender ash tree grew,
 And bowed, submissive, to the lordly oak,
 But in the spring of life affection woke,
 And love was strong when summer breezes blew.
 The oak feared not the lightning's sudden death !
 But if approached suspicion's tainted breath
 Its arms, while yet repelling it, would bend
 To offer haven to the gentle ash.
 And when the storm-king rode its strength would lend
 To break the furies' roar and dismal clash.

2.

WHAT can be fairer than a summer love
That leadeth to a winter's glad content?
What sweeter, as the meads of life we rove,
Than culling sweets from flowers of sentiment?
There are of lives where sorrow dwelleth not,
Where clouds have never passed across their sun,
Upon whose hearts, when life hath had its run,
The flight of time hath left no darkened spot!
And yet how oft affliction's shadowy host
Will purify the lives it paineth most!
As like the joy that cometh with the spring
To weary hearts chilled by the wintry blast,
A touch of sorrow borne on hope's bright wing
Will lead the soul to peaceful rest at last.

3.

A SUMMER that had passed in love and light,
 'Mid themes of tender song, 'mid perfumed flow'rs;
An autumn that had waned into the night
 Of winter's spell of frost and icy show'rs.
The lightning's vivid glare the warning gave
 Of fast approaching storm, whilst flash on flash,
 Quick followed by the thunder's rattling crash,
Awakened all the horrors of the grave.
The oak, that stood within the forest glade,
Would shield the trembling ash from savage raid,
But death rode on the wind, with outstretched arm,
 And spread a vast destructiveness around,
And when the storm had merged to peaceful calm
 The ash lay dead and shattered on the ground.

4.

AFFECTION is the stronghold of the heart,
 And love the sentinel that guardeth there,
 Yet should he from his post but once depart
 Remorse advanceth with its train of care.
 The dearer love becometh sore opprest,
 And fleeth from infatuation's spell,
 While dying conscience fain the truth would quell.
 'Tis ever thus within the human breast,
 A steadfast love or one of fleeting breath,
 To live or die in absence or in death.
 The love of years may change, however true,
 But like the pathos of an old-time song,
 The love of old shall triumph o'er the new,
 As right shall ever triumph over wrong.

5.

THE north wind shivered o'er the naked plain,
The stream was silent under winter's spell,
The earth was fettered with an ice-wrought chain,
On nature's face a gloomy sadness fell.
The autumn storm that swept across the land
A stranger ash had planted near the oak ;
Between the two a new affection woke,
The flame of which with chilly breath was fann'd !
And thus it was this winter love grew cold,
Which brought regrets, and memories of old.
Too late ! too late ! for with the night wind's sigh
The spirit of the aged oak had fled !
Its gaunt arms stretched athwart the leaden sky,
It stood the spectre of a summer dead.

XI.—XIII.

Suite of Three Love Sonnets.

I. SERENADE.

THE eastern sky in silver robes is clad,
 The lord of day is rising o'er the hill,
 The morn is fair, and yet my heart is sad,
 For thou, my dearest one, art slumb'ring still !
 The joyful lark hath left its watery nest,
 And winged its flight toward the realms of love,
 Its song of praise descendeth from above
 To find no echo in my anxious breast !
 Nor nature's beauties do I hear, nor see,
 For mind and soul have roamed, sweet love, to thee.
 O sweetheart, come, and with thy presence cheer,
 I am alone, and wait for thee, my queen;
 The world is fairer, skies are brighter seen,
 And earth to me is heaven when thou art near !

2. TRYST.

THE birds may sing their love-songs from the trees,
The sun may send its kisses warm to earth,
And odours sweet may ride upon the breeze,
And woodlands echo with a youthful mirth,
But joy is mine, since thou art here, sweet love,
And what is all compared to love of thee!
For looking down into thine eyes I see
Reflected there the light of heaven above,
Whilst Love, so true, with every ebb and flow,
Is smiling from the liquid depths below.
I love thee as the flowers love the sun,
Or as they love the dew when day is o'er,
And this I know, I could not love thee more,
For 'tis with all my heart, thou dearest one.

3. LULLABY.

THE sun hath sunk beneath the western sky,
The tired songsters long have sought the nest,
The tender moon hath raised herself on high,
And zephyrs light have lulled the world to rest.
From o'er the hill, and from the valley deep,
The hush of night is softly borne along,
And like a sweet and tender slumber-song
It sootheth every power and sense to sleep.
And we, dear love, are parted, yet I fain
Would share thy dreams and meet thee once again.
I go, sweet love, for angels fair and bright
Have closed thine eyes, and kissed thy pillow'd head,
And o'er thy sleeping form their wings have spread—
Good-night, my best beloved, good-night, good-night.

XIV.

Music.

SOME poets sing that music may be found
In but a zephyr's sigh, or night-wind's moan,
Or in the sea's sad dirge, or lazy drone
Of bees—in each one thing above, around!
But not in Nature's single voice alone
Can there exist what some have but surmised!

What music is there in a monotone
Unless to others joined and harmonised?
The diamond is but a rayless stone
When first 'tis gather'd from its native ground—
The workman giveth it its lustrous tone!
And so, from these rough elements of sound,
The skilled musician, with a fancy free,
Createth melody and harmony.

XV.

Love.

How sweet to love! how sweet to be beloved!
To wander in the path the gods have roved!
To know that one heart beateth—one alone—
Responsive to the throbbings of thine own!
A love untold perchance may deepest be,
A love to live for all eternity,
But love confessed may deep and deeper grow,
How sweet 'tis then to love! and loving—know!
Ah! sad the heart must be that hath not proved
Love's pow'r, or having so is still unmoved,
For true love is the music of the soul,
To us by some all-seeing Power given,
Harmonising our days that swiftly roll,
That we on earth may have a glimpse of heaven!

XVI.

Parting.

'Tis hard when two kindred souls must sever
If only for a time, however brief!
Keen is the pain, as if it were for ever,
A weeping of the heart, a silent grief;
A word, a smile, a kiss, will oft endeavour
To soothe the pain and bring some slight relief!
But sorrow dwelleth in the word "good-bye,"
And like an imprisoned songster we sigh
For something lost, for some heart-cherished treasure,
Which, parted from, we love the more, and fain
Would clasp again the hand with fervent pressure
If only for a moment to retain!
Yet, 'neath the heart's sad pain, there is a pleasure—
The pleasure of uniting once again.

XVII.

To a Violin.

EMBODIMENT of all a worldly strife,
Its discords, and its sweeter harmonies,
There is, in all thy pow'rs and similes,
A strange affinity 'twixt thee and life!
For canst thou not the passions soothe and charm
When strong emotions have the pulses stirr'd,
E'en as the heart, when feeling love's alarm,
Is soothed to rest by some endearing word.
And when thy song is cheerful, light, and gay,
'Tis like the laughter of a child at play,
That heedeth not of weary, toilsome years,
Nor of the sweet sad theme, to youth unknown,
When soul to perfect harmony hath grown
As near akin as laughter is to tears.

XVIII.

A Birthday Greeting.

I WISH thee joy upon this day of days,
Such joy as flowers receive when scorching rays
Of noon-day sun have parched them, and they sip
The dew that falls upon each velvet lip.
May life be merry as the midnight fays
That revel where the silver moonbeams dip ;
Thy heart as gladsome as the foam-tipp'd sprays
That kiss the air and on the waters skip.
In after years, when thou art older grown,
As springs the seed that in the earth is sown,
So may thy harvest rich with blessings be,
And kind hearts welcome thee, whilst from my own
I bless the day that gives this day to thee,
As but for it I ne'er should thee have known !

XIX.

To Love.

O LOVE! thou great mysterious power
Whether in cot or ivied tower

Thou art the same, and all to thee
Must bow, submitting to their fate—
Alike the lowly and the great.

As clouds which overhang the sea,
Seeming to grant some fond request,
Bend low, and kiss its heaving breast;
Or as the oak whose branches tower

Toward the sky in majesty,
Offereth shade to some sweet flower,

Whose only charm is modesty,
So we, when soul with soul doth mate,
Obey thy call and meet our fate!

XX.

On hearing a Princess sing.

AND have I heard a Princess sing to-night !
For once I thought ('twas in the days of yore)
Princesses only lived in fairy lore,
And revelled in the moon's soft mellow light !
Or wandered far beneath the ocean waves,
And sported there with hearts so light and free,
Or taught the shells to sing in coral caves
The murmurs of an ever-restless sea !
The wonders that my heart so often stirr'd
Are realised to-night, for I have heard
A voice so like the music of the streams,
That laugh in answer to the smiling skies,
And I, at last, have seen with mortal eyes
The fairy princess of my early dreams !

XXI.

To Maud.

My heart is glad on this thy birthday morn !

Not for its gifts, nor yet the wishes good,
But that thy years have passed from girlhood's dawn
Into the purer light of womanhood !

The hope was strong, and yet it seemed but vain,
That thou wouldst live to know these after years,
But now my heart rejoiceth o'er its tears,
Just as the sun is brighter after rain !

For time hath helped to chase away my fears,
And bring thee back to health and strength again.
My wish, to-day, is that no worldly strife

May touch thy heart to rob it of its love—
Be thine, instead, rich blessings from above,
And God be with thee to the end of life.

XXII.

To _____.

THOU dearest one ! with all thy winning ways
Thou art so deeply centred in my heart,
And having felt love's warm and tender rays
I tremble lest I feel its cruel smart !
For 'tis with all my heart I love thee, sweet,
Nor will I vex my soul with love's alarms,
But rather think that thou, with all thy charms,
Art proof against love's cunning and deceit !
I love thee for thy sweet and simple grace,
I love thee more as in thine eyes I trace
The light of love that from thy soul is shed,
And as I gaze into the depths below,
And see thy greater beauty there, I know
When love shall die then will my heart be dead.

XXIII.

Idleness.

THE clouds are gath'ring o'er with sullen frown,
The air is troubled with the wind's sad moan,
And idleness is mine as, all alone,
I court its tempting wiles and lie me down.
With half-closed eyes I watch the falling rain
That trickleth slowly down each window-pane.
I cannot write, I cannot even read,
For deed and will have no connecting link,
And even thought hath lost its pow'r of speed,
For in a half-unconscious state I think—
Let clouds hang low, let nature moan and weep,
The sound to me is comforting and sweet!
And then I feel my idleness complete,
As, nestling on my couch, I sink to sleep.

XXIV.

To my Pipe.

TYPE of humanity! Thou hast the pow'r
To soothe and tranquillize the harass'd mind,
And like the kindred touch of nature kind
So canst thou comfort in the troubled hour!
Hot-headed oft, as youth will sometimes be,
Yet sweet withal till time and tide pass o'er,
Then pleasure is from gall no longer free,
And being thus thy lot to charm no more,
'Tis with regret that now I lay thee by,
But friends must part, and hearts must grieve and sigh.
Thy pow'r hath oft some hidden thought awoke
When thou my sole companion hast been!
In pity then, though growing old and keen,
I'll fill thee once again and have a smoke.

XXV.

To.....

WHEN partings intervene 'twixt friend and friend,
 When hands, when lips, when eyes no longer meet,
 The absence is less felt that we can greet
 By letter, and to each a message send.
 And whilst reviewing all the pleasant past,
 Whilst voices are again in fancy heard,
 The mem'ry of a kindly spoken word
 Will linger near when storm-clouds overcast!
 Love is the sweetest gift that heaven can give
 That we on earth in unity may live,
 But Friendship, though it less impassioned be,
 Is rarer, inasmuch that only few
 E'er meet with it, and though its ring be true
 Some value it at but a low degree.

XXVI.

“Dolly.”

SOME poets sing in praise of maidens fair,
Whose eyes outrival skies of fairest morn,
And make them rich with wealth of golden hair,
And cheeks reflecting roseate tints of dawn!
But let it be my task, O Muse, to sing
In praise of one who is less fair than this!
Of one about whose heart in perfect bliss
Devotion and affection fondly cling,
Whose eyes with love and fun alternate beam,
Whose laughter rippleth like a pebbly stream,
Whose presence driveth off dark melancholy,
And giveth pleasure both to old and young,
Whose name is lisped by every childish tongue,
Bright, loving, happy, joyous, laughing,—“Dolly.”

XXVII.

On the Two Texts:

“What is your life?”

“By Grace are ye saved, through Faith.”

—

WHAT is thy life? Search deep within thine heart—

Let memory's sight read back into the past,

And as its vision o'er each page is cast,

What knowledge doth thy book of life impart?

Mayhap corruption's stain on leaf and leaf,

And of corruption is the tree of sin,

With fruit of tempting sweetness close akin

To poisoned flow'rs of doubt and unbelief!

Beware the fruit lest pleasure turn it sour;

Beware the perfume of the poisoned flow'r.

Repent, and ye shall live, the scripture saith,

And shun the path of sin thy feet have trod—

Repentance seek ye, through the Grace of God,

For 'tis by Grace that ye are saved, through Faith.

XXVIII.

**The Halifax Sunday Schools
Commemoration, 1885.**

FROM thirty thousand throats the voices swell,
And soar up to the heavens in joyful praise !
Almighty God look down this day and raise
Each youthful heart to Thee in love to dwell.
There is a solemn grandeur in the strains,
A grandeur that deep love and joy imparts,
A feeling that some Mighty Presence reigns,
To eyes unseen, yet not unseen to hearts !
We have this day assembled here, O Lord,
To tune our hearts to Thee with one accord,
Then do Thou let Thy blessing fall on each,
And guard Thy children from temptation sore.
And also in Thy tender mercy teach
Our hearts to worship Thee for evermore.

XXIX.

To

IT seemeth but as yesterday when first
 I met thee as a child of tender years ;
 When life in youthful pleasures was immersed
 Not knowing ought of sorrow's pain and tears !
 And now they say that o'er thy fair young head
 To-day have twenty summers winged their flight,
 But if the child hath faded from the sight
 A woman tender reigneth in its stead.
 Of all the blessings that may fall on thee,
 To those who love thee none can dearer be
 Than knowing that the great Omnipotence
 Hath guarded thee, and watched thy life with care,
 And thou, to-day, endowed with gift so rare,
 Art wearing still the crown of innocence.

XXX.

**On hearing my brother Edgar play
on the Violin.**

My soul awaketh from its dormant state
With all the fancies of a poet's dream,
As from thy viol there doth emanate
The thrilling pathos of a graceful theme.
The air is pregnant with a rhapsody
That, borne upon the sound-waves' ebb and flow,
Rejoiceth o'er the tender theme below,
Like laughter rippling o'er a murm'ring sea.
And, oh, the rapture that inspireth me,
And setteth all my throbbing heart aglow,
As if thy flow of soul with mine had met,
Or that thy theme had touched within my breast
Some inner chord that long had lain at rest,
That I of purer things might not forget.

XXXI.

To.....

So rare art thou! so rich in ev'ry grace,
 That angels must have smiled upon thy birth,
 And heaven's pure light descended on the earth
 To find itself reflected in thy face!
 Within those eyes, so full of tender love,
 Thy soul is seen in all its purity,
 For not alone do angels dwell above,
 But woman may as pure and perfect be.
 In thee we seek for this perfection rare,
 In form, in face, in heart, and find it there.
 Thy voice in all its sweetness doth impart
 The joy derived from some pathetic theme,
 And like the murmurs of a gentle stream,
 So are the low soft throbbings of thy heart.

XXXII.

A Study.

IN thoughtful attitude. What dreams arise
In pictured fancy to her inward sight ?
To pierce the depth of those two earnest eyes
Would need the aid of all their tender light !
In thought where hath she wander'd ? or to whom ?
The mind-created vision raised in space
May shew a path her heart might wish to trace—
A path of sunshine, with no tinge of gloom.
We may not know ! we may but only guess
The secret of that thoughtful earnestness !
Nay ! wake her not, nor bring her back to earth,
Nor with rude sound her blissful dream dispel,
For, though too sacred for her lips to tell,
Her heart might grieve to know its lesser worth !

XXXIII.

In Memoriam.

THE organ's solemn tones no more shall breathe
 Beneath the master's firm yet gentle hand !
 The grand and lofty strains no more shall wreathe
 A halo 'round the place at his command !
 The heart is still, the hands are laid at rest,
 And music's charm hath left the loving breast
 Of him who loved thee, Music, for thy Art,
 And woo'd thee as a lover woos his bride,
 With all the passion of a throbbing heart
 That will not be repulsed nor yet denied !
 But that 'twas God decreed him something higher,
 To fill some vacant place in heaven's vast choir,
 We would regret, and yet we much deplore
 That thou, O Muse, hath lost one minstrel more.

XXXIV.

March.

FULL oft thou comest with a sunny smile,
Which doth to wintry hearts a gladness bring ;
With sun and song thou seekest to beguile,
Whilst throwing open wide the gates of Spring.
But like the one who doth a friendship vow,
And yet the while betrayeth, so art thou
As false, for, close behind thy sunny breath,
There lurketh winds and frosts that harbour death,
And storms that sweep the sea and tear the land,
That nothing their fierce fury can withstand.
O, treacherous month ! when, coming so disguised,
Alternate sun and dust our throats doth parch,
Pass quickly on, by none canst thou be prized—
In military phrase, “ Advance, quick—March.”

XXXV.

To my brother George Percy.

THY song is full of tenderness and grace
 Whene'er thy fingers touch the Muse's lyre,
 As if thy soul, with true poetic fire,
Its theme had borrowed from the realms of space
Where all is rich with melody supreme,
 That zephyrs light waft into harmony,
Where love is one long, sweet, impassioned dream,
 That filleth heart and soul with rhapsody !
At first thy song was rare, yet sweet alway,
Like gleams of sunshine on an April day,
And 'twas my humble muse that struck the chord
 That 'woke thy soul from out its slumbering,
And oh ! the flow of song it then outpoured !
 For glorious was thy "Soul's Awakening."

XXXVI.

To.....

— —

I PLUCKED a rose of fragrant loveliness,
 A lily next that was surpassing fair,
 With just a spray of fern of maidenhair
 To lull the breeze into a soft caress,
 And for simplicity a daisy placed
 Betwixt the two. Each one a charm revealed,
 And then it was that in the three I traced
 The virtues lying in their hearts concealed :
 The lily, purity ; the rose, true love ;
 The daisy, innocence, gift from above.
 I wondered then if there could really be
 A maiden with a life so pure divine,
 Within whose heart these qualities combine—
 And, as I wondered, so I thought of thee.

XXXVII.

In Memoriam.

“Not lost but gone before!” A parting brief,
To turn our steps from paths so often trod—
A parting here, intense in all its grief,
To bring us nearer to the throne of God!
A silent sorrow, and a heartfelt pain,
A yearning for the loving tones again.
The voice is hushed, fond look and smile are gone,
The eyes are closed from which the love-light shone—
Not dead, but sleeping, yet the sleep of death,
To waken in the spirit of God’s breath!
Then stay the flowing tears, no longer weep
For what He taketh to His holy keep—
We part on earth with just one farewell kiss,
To meet again in fairer lands than this!

XXXVIII.

On a Birthday.

Is there a life that hath not known regret,
Or felt the sting of sorrow's deep'ning pain,
And yet would not one single part forget,
But strong with mem'ry's links the two enchain ?
For joy, with sadness tinged, will more recall
Than joy for aye, however sweet it fall !
Just like a song, first heard in youthful years,
Is sweeter passing through a vale of tears.
And so, the past reviewing, what more blest
Than old age bringing with it no unrest !
Thou needst must think on this thy birthday morn,
With all the greetings that thou hast received,
The senders bless the day that thou wert born,
And happier feel in knowing thou hast lived.

XXXIX.

To

To what shall I compare thee? To the sun
 That cheereth with its warm and genial light?
 Or to the stars that in the frosty night
 Seem twinkling at our world as if in fun?
 Or to the tender moon whose soothing pow'r
 Is so congenial to the lover's heart?
 Or to the rose that bathed in dewy show'r
 Doth sweetness to the morning air impart?
 But wherefore seek fit simile for thee!
 Thy heart is warmer than the sun can be;
 Thy presence sweeter far than roses-fair;
 Thine eyes more laughter than the stars contain,
 And thus to liken thee to ought were vain—
 Thou art thyself and so beyond compare!

XL.

Beaconsfield.*December 21, 1805—April 19, 1881.*

THERE shone a star of wondrous power and light,
A star that radiated blackest night!
Loved by a nation, feared by all the world,
Whene'er o'er it its lightning wrath was hurled;
Its piercing rays dispelled the dark despair
When storm-clouds rose and tempests rent the air.
There was a voice—a voice that must be heard—
And nations hung their hopes upon its word!
Tender, yet firm, eloquent in its breath,
Its word was law, and law was life or death!
Severe, but sparkling with a diamond wit—
Keen as a sword the tongue that fashioned it.
Alas! the light is gone!—the loss deplore—
Hush'd is the voice—Disraeli is no more.

XLI.

A Summer's Night.

How fair the night ! how tranquil, how serene !
I ne'er looked on so beautiful a scene !
And zephyrs, coming from the valley deep,
Seem singing to the world a song of sleep.
All else is hushed save where the rustling leaves
Join in the song, and now a chorus weaves
Itself and hastens o'er the distant plain,
Where echoes glad repeat the fairy strain.
The day is dead ! a day surpassing fair !
And this its soul that rides the stilly air.
So Life should be ! fair as a summer's day,
And calm, to gain the tranquil rest of even,
That in the end the soul's vibrations may
An echo find across the plains of heaven.

XLII.

My Valentine.

I WOULD be first to see thee on this morn,
To greet thee as my queen, my heart's best love,
E'en as the lark, that soareth high above,
Doth greet with joy the opening gates of dawn.
But we from each are absent. Like the vine,
Whose tendrils with affection fondly twine,
Love's tendrils shall the closer cling, and prove,
In absence, love too loyal is to rove.
The wind shall be to me my carrier dove,
And on its pinions shall my love be borne
To thee; then let bright smiles thy face adorn,
And tender thoughts of me thy pulses move,
For even as I know that thou art mine,
So, darling, am I thy true valentine.

XLIII.

On a Twenty-first Birthday.

ONCE on a time when fairies held their sway,
And often would some favoured visit pay
To mortals who had lived in lowly state,
And thus endowed them with a power great,
With magic scarf, a cap, a cloak, or ring,
That would rare fortune to the owner bring,
'Twas then that some received the wondrous pow'r
Of having what they wished for come to pass,
And thus, when life seemed at its darkest hour,
A light would shine as from a mirrored glass!
If something could to me such power give,
Then I would wish that you in health might live
To see thrice one-and-twenty birthdays more,
With each of peace and love a wealthy store.

XLIV.

Beethoven.

GRAND, powerful, pathetic, and sublime !
Thy gift of genius, to the end of time,
Shall live immortal through the wondrous pow'r
Of thy creations ! and all hearts endow'r
With some new life, such as a gentle show'r
Of rain doth give to every drooping flow'r !
Affliction stamped its mark upon thy life,
Yet heaven was ever with thee in thy strife,
Repairing ills which nature thee had done !
And when thy sands of time on earth had run,
'Twas even then thy life had but begun,
And thou art living now revered as one
Of giant mind, and equal giant soul,
United, thus comprising one great whole !

XLV.

On a Wedding.

“FOR better for worse.” Lightly spoken words,
Oft all-unconscious of their meaning deep,
And yet they bid the heart rejoice or weep !
Weak’ning or strengthening the chain that girds
Two lives together ; offering peace and love,
Twin angel-gifts sent down from heaven above.
But if for worse, remorse and hate unite,
And life grows cheerless as a winter’s night !
Glad is the husbandman who tills the earth
To find its fruits safe garnered in his keep.
Life’s harvest thus produces grief or mirth,
For “even as ye sow so shall ye reap.” *
Live then, that the sacred tie be no fetter,
Two lives in one, for ever, and for better.

XLVI.

In Memoriam.

WEEP not for him who now is laid at rest,
He is at peace, his victory is o'er,
And martial strain, and clarion note, no more
With war's alarms, shall thrill the soldier breast.
The kindly voice is hush'd, the heart is still
That throb'd with love, alike for friend and foe,
For Death blew out a blast so keen and shrill,
That summoned him to far-off plains to go !
And he, so used to duty's call, obeyed
The summons to attend his last parade.
Weep not for him ! nor deem his death a loss,
For when the muster-roll is read on high,
'Twill then be known how bravely he could die !
A true, heroic soldier of the Cross.

XLVII.

To Nikita.

THOU queen of song ! glad is thy sweet refrain,
With all the brightness of a sparkling rill,
Or of the soaring lark's most joyous trill,
That rippleth from the skies to earth again !
Enchantress thou ! for see, we kneel to thee,
Enslaved, entranced, beneath thy mystic spell,
And only from its fetters are we free
When silence doth thy magic art dispel !
Sweet nightingale, we love thy tuneful lay,
But though it charmeth when 'tis light and gay,
Thy "Soul's Awakening" is the greater worth,
With all its lofty grace and tender love,
As if the gods had sent us from above
An angel-songstress lent by heaven to earth.

XLVIII.

“The Emperor,”

STRADIVARI.—DATE 1715.

SKILLED workmanship of master hand and mind,
 With every curve and turn of perfect grace !
 In symmetry or shade the eye can trace
 Rich elegance and beauty both combined.
 But whence its voice ? with all its luscious tone !
 As if o'er it some magic spell were cast !
 It may be that each plaintive wail and moan
 Is but the echo of a buried past,
 When, in the forest glade, some stately tree
 Swayed to the sound of Nature's minstrelsy,
 Its heart vibrating with the thunder's roll,
 Or quiv'ring at the night-wind's mournful sigh ;
 And that some Siren's song, of years gone by,
 Is thrilling now each listener's heart and soul.

XLIX.

To a Friend.

AFTER HIS DEPARTURE FOR CHINA.

— —

GOOD-BYE! good-bye! why did we say "good-bye,"
And wring our hearts with such a parting knell!
'Twere better had we said the word "farewell,"
And stayed the flowing tears and rising sigh!
For if God willed that kindred souls must part,
'Twas not for us to keep a troubled heart.
With hand in hand, that took a firmer hold,
We should have smiled when parting words were said—
'Tis with the falling rain the world is cold,
But gladness reigns when summer rays are shed—
So fare you well, with blessings ever nigh,
And all good wishes from your fellowmen,
Whilst from each loving heart there springs the cry—
"May God be with you till we meet again."

L.

Dawn.

THE shadows of the night have passed away,
 But still a shadow of themselves is seen!
 And Nature weareth yet a robe of grey
 To change anon to hues of lustrous sheen!
 For this is but the passing hence of night
 To brighter day—when all the slumb'ring earth
 Shall waken to its songs of joy and mirth,
 And revelry of sunshine and of light—
 The Dawn—that is not night, nor yet is day—
 A dying shadow in a living ray.
 And what is night! and what is morning pale!
 But light and darkness! What, then, is the Dawn?—
 The thin, ethereal, transparent veil
 'Twixt night of man, and God's eternal morn.

FOR THE CHILDREN'S SAKE.

DEDICATED TO MY TWO LITTLE NIECES,

MYRTLE EVELYN,

AND

VIOLET MARSTON,

(OF NEW ZEALAND

**To my two little nieces,
Myrtle Evelyn and Violet Marston.**

OVER the seas, and far away,
The wind one day went roving,
And this is the message it carried that day,
To two little girls so loving:
“Your uncle has sent his love to you.
My dear little, sweet little misses—”
The wind then shriek’d, and bluster’d, and blew,
And covered them both with kisses.

Over the seas, and back again,
The wind came swiftly blowing,
For uncle was waiting, but not in vain,
Yet very impatient growing!
And sweet was the message that came that day:
“With kisses and love we caress you ;”
And all that uncle was able to say
Was, “ Dear little girls, God bless you.”

I N D E X.

	PAGE
Bedtime Prayer	376
Cinderella	349
Dolly's Christmas Eve	370
Dolly's Christmas Party	343
Everyday Songs :—	
1. Good Morning	359
2. Playtime	360
3. Pleasure	362
4. Nursery Song	363
5. The Naughty Children	365
6. Looking Back	367
Laughing Song	374
Morning Prayer	375
Proverb Songs :—	
1. "One good turn deserves another"	353
2. "A stitch in time saves nine"	354
3. "There is no rose without a thorn"	355
4. "Fine feathers make fine birds"	356
5. "Ev'ry cloud has its silver lining"	357
6. "'Tis an ill wind that blows no good"	358
Song of the Robin	368
Two Stars	372

Dolly's Christmas Party.

LITTLE Kitty Goldenhair
 Has a face most wondrous fair,
 Courting your inspection;
 Though she looks so very meek,
 You will find each tinted cheek
 Pinkest of perfection.

She has two such dainty feet,
 And she wears a dress so neat,
 Made by clever fingers;
 Ruby-red her pouting lips,
 And upon their painted tips
 Oft a child-kiss lingers.

She has two bright eyes of blue
 Of a light transparent hue,
 And her face is pretty;
 Though I all her praise extol,
 She is nothing but a doll,
 And her name is Kitty.

Kitty, now, in humour gay,
 Did resolve one Christmas-Day
 She would give a party;
 To each big and little friend
 Invitation she did send,
 With a welcome hearty.

Brief, yet pointed, was the note
 That she to each dolly wrote,
 This is what was in it:
 'Kitty's compliments—for tea—
 Christmas-Day—please note that we
 Prompt at five begin it.'

When at last the day arrived
 Kitty Goldenhair contrived
 That there should be plenty :
 Tea-cakes, spice-cake, muffins, buns,
 Bread-and-butter, Sally Luns,
 Quite enough for twenty !

Then the guests began to come,
 Talking dolls, and others dumb,
 Upwards of a dozen ;
 Miss Matilda Squealisquall,
 Master Greeditakitall,
 With his aunt and cousin.

Then came Madame Dressofine,
 And she really meant to shine
 In her Sunday bonnet,
 But it fell upon the floor,
 And, on entering the door,
 Someone trod upon it.

Next was Mister Toilandstrife,
 And his humble little wife,
 With their son and daughter ;
 Followed by Miss Pompandpride,
 Who did in a carriage ride,
 That some friend had bought her.

Others came, so I am told,
 Big and little, young and old,
 In all kinds of dresses ;
 Some were dark, and some were fair,
 Some had straight or plaited hair,
 Some had curly tresses.

Then they all sat down to tea,
 All as happy as could be,
 And the cakes diminished ;
 For they ate and drank until
 Every doll had had its fill,
 And the tea was finished.

Then Miss Squealisquall, ere long,
 Volunteered to sing a song,
 And she called it "Kisses" ;
 But when she a verse had sung,
 Peals of laughter loudly rung,
 Intermixed with hisses.

Then Miss Squealisquall turned red,
 And a many things she said
 Very far from pleasant ;
 And she waxed so very hot,
 That she said she knew not what
 Of the others present.

Then Miss Pompanpride arose,
 And she pulled the other's nose
 For remarks so shady ;
 And quite haughtily she said,
 As she tossed her stately head,
 "I'm a perfect lady."

Then poor Mister Toilandstrife,
 And his humble little wife,
 Both got up together ;
 They so much disliked a row,
 And they said, "Pray let us now
 Talk about the weather."

Someone, then, did order call,
 So they sat them down, and all
 Joined in sweet discussion;
 But, ere long, they heated grew,
 And their words like bullets flew,
 Making loud percussion.

Master Greeditakitall,
 Of a stature rather small,
 Sought to steal a raisin;
 But he, standing on his toes,
 Forward fell, and broke his nose
 On the sugar basin.

Someone boxed young Greedy's ears;
 Up he got and dried his tears,
 It had roused his mettle,
 And he struck Miss Squealisquall,
 Sending her against the wall,
 Thence into the kettle.

From the kettle rose the steam,
 From the kettle came a scream,
 She was in hot water;
 First she called of her mamma,
 Then she cried aloud, "Papa,
 Come and save your daughter!"

Madame Dressofine was vexed,
 Up she got, "'Tis my turn next,"
 She was heard to mutter;
 And she Master Greedy struck,
 Off he flew, and straightway stuck
 Head first in the butter.

Then arose young Greedy's aunt,
 And for vengeance she did pant,
 And she started fighting;
 With a fork she one transfixed,
 Then the company got mixed,
 Tearing, scratching, biting.

Cups and saucers flew about,
 Each doll had an eye knocked out,
 Some had noses broken.
 But the proud Miss Pompanpride
 In the teapot sought to hide,
 And with tea was soaken.

Some had all their hair pulled out,
 Arms and legs were strewn about,
 Sawdust, too, was scattered;
 Others had their faces scratched,
 Making them look streaked and patched—
 Dresses torn and tattered.

Miss Matilda Squealisquall—
 From the kettle saw it all,
 How each one was pelted;
 And she saw her own papa
 With a teaspoon hit her ma,
 And with grief she melted.

One sat on another's face
 Till there was not breathing space,
 And the doll did smother.
 Up got Kitty Goldenhair,
 And she talked to each doll there,
 Talked—yes, like a mother.

Said she, "I am filled with grief,
 But in tears I'll seek relief,
 Now my party's ended.
 You have filled my heart with pain,
 And you ne'er shall come again
 Till you all are mended."

Then she sank her down and wept;
 Overcome at last she slept
 'Mid the great disorder;
 And whilst Kitty was asleep,
 Went the housemaid there to sweep,
 And put things in order.

With amazement she did stare,
 For the fight and slaughter there
 She knew not a word of.
 Then she took them all away.
 And 'tis true that from that day
 They have not been heard of.

MORAL.

Little girls and little boys,
 Let not temper mar your joys,
 But at such a crisis,
 If you should go out to tea,
 Say at once that you will be
 Good as my advice is.



Cinderella.

PROLOGUE.

'TWAS in the days of long ago, and once upon a time,
There lived a maiden sweet and fair, the subject of my rhyme;
Again I introduce her, though she well is known to fame,
As Cinderella—nothing more—for that was all her name.

PART I.

By a kitchen fireside,
In a dress all torn and tatter'd,
Cinderella sat and cried,
Not, forsooth, that crying matter'd;
But her heart was sad and lone,
And she felt no joy in living,
For her sisters two had gone
To a ball the Prince was giving;
And she should have gone as well,
But she had no invitation,
And the sisters, sad to tell,
Said the kitchen was her station!
They were two such naughty girls,
Putting on such airs and graces,
Twisting up their hair in curls,
Putting paint upon their faces,
For they both were very proud,
Not like gentle Cinderella,
And they said in voices loud,
"You must stay and clean the cellar."
This is why she sat and cried,
Why her tears were quickly streaming,
But before the fireside
Soon she was asleep, and dreaming:

PART 2.

CINDERELLA, in her dream,
Sat before the fire sleeping,
Saw a pair of bright eyes beam
Through the kitchen window peeping.
Then she heard a sweet voice say :
"What a shame to thus discard her!
Bring the rats and mice I say,
Bring the pumpkin from the larder!"
And she saw, as in a trice,
Pumpkin turned into a carriage,
Horses, too, in place of mice,
And it seemed just like a marriage,
For the fairy of her dream
Touched her dress of rags and tatters—
Cinderella did not scream,
If she did it little matters,
But she opened wide her eyes,
For her dress was such a glitter,
And she saw, with glad surprise,
Two glass slippers made to fit her!
Then the fairy bade her go
To the ball and take this warning:
"If you would not meet with woe
Mind you leave before the morning."

PART 3.

IN the ball-room all was grand,
And as Cinderella entered,
Came the Prince and took her hand,
All his thoughts upon her centred.
Envy filled the people there
When they saw his admiration
For the face so sweetly fair
Lit with youthful animation.
Then he led her to the dance,
Oh! the music was entrancing!
And the sisters had no chance
Whilst the happy pair were dancing.
In gavotte, and minuet,
She had step so light and airy,
And the Prince thought, with regret,
That she must be some sweet fairy.
In a moment that was still,
From the dance they both were liking,
Cinderella felt a chill,
As she heard the clock was striking.
Hastily she fled away,
Seemed it that her feet would trip her,
And she found, to her dismay,
She had left behind a slipper.

PART 4.

"YES! O yes!" the herald cried,
 "Hearken to this proclamation:
 She shall be the Prince's bride,
 Whether high or low her station,
 Who has foot so trim and neat,
 Perfect fit, and not to nip her,
 Who can on her dainty feet
 Put this little dainty slipper!"
 First to try the prize to gain
 Were the two old naughty sisters,
 But they squeezed their toes in vain,
 And they only raised some blisters.
 Cinderella's turn was next,
 And the two began to twitter,
 But they both were sorely vexed
 When they saw the slipper fit her.
 All the people's hearts were glad,
 All the birds were sweetly singing,
 All was pleasure, nothing sad,
 Whilst the marriage-bells were ringing.
 Ding, ding, dong, ding-dong, ding-dong,
 Joyful tidings widely spreading,
 Ding, ding-dong, 'mid mirth and song
 It was such a royal wedding.

EPILOGUE.

To all of those of tender hearts 'tis just as well to say,
 That Cinderellas may be found amongst us every day;
 Then speak a word of comfort where you can, 'tis just as well,
 For what they someday may become—why, none of us can tell.

Proverb Songs.

I.

“One good turn deserves another.”

Two little girls, and two little boys,
 Once went out together;
 Walking along they talked of toys,
 Or talked about the weather;
 Two little boys, from their pockets deep,
 Brought each one a penny,
 For the two little girls to keep,
 Because they had not any.

Two little boys, and two little girls,
 Near their homes arriving;
 Two little heads, all covered with curls,
 Planning and contriving
 Some return for the pennies to make,
 Wond'ring if they miss'd them,
 So they took, for friendship's sake,
 The two little boys and kiss'd them.
 That you may no error make,
 Friend or neighbour, sister, brother,
 Learn from this to give and take,—
 “One good turn deserves another.”

2.

“A stitch in time saves nine.”

THERE's a hole in your stocking,
 So plain to be seen,
 It really is shocking,
 Oh! what does it mean!
 Can it be that your fingers
 Are idle to-day?
 And that the work lingers
 Because of your play?
 'Tis a stitch, stitch, stitch, whether knit or sew,
 When neatly done and fine,
 That will cause your work much less to grow,
 For “A stitch in time saves nine.”

From the book you are reading,
 Oh! see the leaves fall!
 You cannot be heeding
 Its neatness at all.
 You say you are getting
 A needle and thread,
 But you are upsetting
 The basket instead!
 'Tis a stitch, stitch, stitch, whether knit or sew,
 When neatly done and fine,
 That will cause your work much less to grow,
 For “A stitch in time saves nine.”

3.

“There is no rose without a thorn.”

In a garden, sweet and fair,
 Were my footsteps led,
 And I gather'd, here and there,
 Roses, white and red.
 One seem'd rarer than the rest,
 Yet a sting-like dart,
 As I placed it on my breast,
 Made my finger smart.
 Roses, roses, roses sweetly growing,
 Rich and fragrant in the dewy morn,
 Swaying, swaying to the breezes, blowing,
 Yet “There is no rose without a thorn.”

Children are as roses sweet,
 Rich in love are they,
 As they one another greet,
 Meeting day by day.
 In life's gardens, ev'rywhere,
 Each some place adorns,
 Kind words are the roses there,
 Unkind words the thorns.
 Roses, roses, roses sweetly growing,
 Rich and fragrant in the dewy morn,
 Swaying, swaying to the breezes, blowing,
 Yet “There is no rose without a thorn.”

“Fine feathers make fine birds.”

THERE was a little maiden once,
 Whose name I cannot tell,
 In learning she was such a dunce,
 In dress though quite a swell;
 Herself in silk she would adorn,
 That like the sun would shine,
 And thought herself a lady born
 Because her clothes were fine.
 Oh, do not think so much of dress,
 But cultivate your words,
 This proverb on your mind impress—
 “Fine feathers make fine birds.”

So proud this little maiden grew,
 So haughty in her ways,
 That she of friends had very few,
 Her finery to praise;
 For if it ever chanced that she
 On others should intrude,
 ’Twas then they found her out to be
 In conversation rude.
 Oh, do not think so much of dress,
 But cultivate your words,
 This proverb on your mind impress—
 “Fine feathers make fine birds.”

“Ev’ry cloud has its silver lining.”

DEARY me, what is the matter ?

Is it that the sound of rain,
Pitter-patter, pitter-patter,

Falls upon the window-pane ?

Fie! oh fie! that look of sadness,

And the frown upon your face,

When your heart should beat with gladness,

And of sorrow know no trace!

See, the sun is slily peeping,

How his light the heart beguiles,

And the clouds, instead of weeping,

Pass away in sunny smiles.

Fret not, frown not,

What is the use of repining ?

Sorrow to-day, to-morrow you’ll say,

“Ev’ry cloud has its silver lining.”

Life has many, many troubles,

Dark and heavy as to-day,

Some are like the airy bubbles,

Sunshine quickly melts away.

Yet, ’tis folly to be grieving,

At some real or fancied loss,

Better hoping and believing,

God will help to bear the cross.

Let us then be bright and cheerful,

Both in sunshine and in rain,

Giving those, whose lives are tearful,

Pleasure, in their hour of pain.

Fret not, frown not,

What is the use of repining ?

Sorrow to-day, to-morrow you’ll say,

“Ev’ry cloud has its silver lining.”

“’Tis an ill wind that blows no good.”

OVER the hills and far away,
The wind one day was blowing,
On ev’rything that stood in the way,
A hearty gust bestowing.
Through the country, through the town,
Stronger, wilder, faster,
Trees and chimney-pots hurling down,
And causing sad disaster.
But it’s work, work, work, for the workman,
And it makes him richer as it should,
Then blow, blow, blow, for it is, you know,
A “Very ill wind that blows no good.”

Rushing along with moan and shriek,
That none with it can battle,
Causing the doors to bang and creak,
Making the windows rattle,
Blowing the people’s hats about,
And dust all over strewing,
Turning umbrellas inside out,
And other mischief doing.
But it’s work, work, work, for the workman,
And it makes him richer as it should,
Then blow, blow, blow, for it is, you know,
A “Very ill wind that blows no good.”



Everyday Songs.

I.

Good=Morning.

GOOD-MORNING, oh, good-morning, yes, good-morning,
 every one,
 The night has passed in sweet repose, and day has
 now begun;
 When breakfast time is over I to school must haste
 away,
 And say my lessons well and so enjoy the time for
 play;
 I feel so gay and cheerful, and my heart is glad and
 light,
 And this is how I'll try to be from morning until night.
 Cheerful, cheerful, cheerful all the morning,
 Cheerful, cheerful, cheerful all the day,
 Smiling, smiling, smiles my face adorning,
 Smiling at my lessons, at my work, and play.

I will not vex mamma to-day, but please her all I can,
 To start the day with such a rule is far the better plan,
 And I will speak a kindly word wherever I may go,
 And gladden other people's hearts, for it is better so,
 Then when mamma shall tell papa, when he comes
 home to tea,
 He'll smile at me and kiss me, as he takes me on his
 knee.
 Cheerful, cheerful, cheerful all the morning,
 Cheerful, cheerful, cheerful all the day,
 Smiling, smiling, smiles my face adorning,
 Smiling at my lessons, at my work, and play.

Playtime.

WHEN the sun is shining bright,
How each warm and tender ray
Fills the young heart with delight,
On a children's holiday;
Then you hear the merry shout,
And the laughter and the glee,
As the boys and girls turn out,
From their work and lessons free.
Boys are off with bat and ball,
Tops, and kites, and knur-and-spell—
There are games for one and all,
And the girls are off as well.
Though learning is a splendid thing and leads us on
to wealth,
Yet playtime is a good thing, too, and helps to bring
good health;
So when at school we'll read and write, subtract, divide,
and add,
But when at play we'll only think of what will make us
glad.

Some are playing in the streets,
Some have gone upon the moor,
Pleasure comes and each one greets,
Be they rich, or be they poor.
Take the chance, then, when 'tis fine,
Run and play, or sit and talk;
Girls may, if they so incline,
Take their dolls out for a walk.
But if wet should be the day,
There are always other joys,
In the house you then can stay
With your indoor games and toys.

Though learning is a splendid thing and leads us on
to wealth,
Yet playtime is a good thing, too, and helps to bring
good health ;
So when at school we'll read and write, subtract, divide,
and add,
But when at play we'll only think of what will make us
glad.



3.

Pleasure.

ONCE upon a time, on a fine summer's day,
Two little boys went fishing ;
Walking along they had nothing to say,
For each in his mind was wishing,
That plenty of fish might be waiting in,
Of silver, of gold, and of mottle,
Each boy had a string and a crookéd pin,
And each had a wide-necked bottle.

Soon they arrived at a shelter'd brook,
And fixed up their fishing tackle,
And whilst they were trying a fish to hook,
Some geese at their heels cried "cackle."
The boys with a start in the water roll'd,
And, oh, how their clothes were dripping,
And all that they caught was a very bad cold,
Excepting a good sound whipping.

'Tis just as well that children should
The maxim not forget,
That pleasure is not always good,
But sometimes brings regret.

Nursery Song.

— — —

SING a song of gladness,
Let your heart be gay,
Four and twenty hours
Go to make a day.
When the day is finished,
'Tis time to close your eyes,
For is it not a splendid thing
At early morn to rise.
Ho! ho! little Jack Horner
Getting his milk and pie;
Johnny Stout is stood in the corner
Having a jolly good cry!
Little Miss Muffet, sat on a buffet,
Is waiting to go to bed,
Whilst happy Tom Tucker is having, for
supper,
A slice of nice treacle and bread.

Little robin redbreast,
Sitting on a tree,
Sang a song to Jenny Wren,
Happy as could be.
Underneath the branches
Jack Sprat was often seen,
Waiting for Red Ridinghood,
And little Tommy Green.
See-saw, Margery Daw,
Riding with little Boy Blue;
Sweet Bo-peep is fast asleep,
Dreaming of me and you.

Simple Simon saw the old pieman
Let Humpty Dumpty spill,
Whilst, hey, diddle, diddle, the cat on its
fiddle
Was playing for Jack and Jill.



The Naughty Children.

THERE was once a naughty boy,
All his time he would employ
Trying others to annoy,

Oh! he was naughty!

And he would not learn to spell,
Never did his lessons well,
Naughty stories he would tell.

Oh! he was naughty!

Dirty hands and dirty face,
He was always in disgrace,
Took at school the bottom place.

Oh! he was naughty!

But children who would win a smile, when comes the
good-night kiss,

Should always do the best they can, and well remember
this,

That all their deeds and words should be by love and
goodness led,

For naughty boys are often whipped, and then sent off
to bed.

THERE was once a naughty girl,
She would skip, and jump, and whirl,
With her hair in tangled curl.

Oh! she was naughty!

Knit or sew, without a doubt
She would leave some stitches out,
If corrected she would pout.

Oh! she was naughty!

She would play with naughty boys,
And with them would make a noise,
Caring not for dolls and toys.

Oh! she was naughty!

But children who would win a smile, when comes the
good-night kiss,
Should always do the best they can, and well remember
this,
That all their deeds and words should be by love and
goodness led,
For naughty boys, and naughty girls, get whipped and
sent to bed.



Looking Back.

THE time is passing swiftly on,
From youth we soon shall sever;
A week has quickly come and gone,
And passed away for ever.
Yet in the heart 'twill always live,
With sadness or with pleasure,
Then let us have no cause to grieve,
But sing this weekly measure—
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday,
Three days wisely spent;
Thursday, Friday, Saturday,
Brought a glad content;
Leading up to Sunday,
Of all the days the best,
The day that should to ev'ryone
Bring comfort, peace, and rest.

When once the weeks have passed away,
'Tis useless to regret them.
Then let us always strive to say
We would not once forget them,
That we may find, when looking back,
There is no cause for sadness,
Whilst ever o'er life's weekly track
There comes this song of gladness—
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday,
Three days wisely spent;
Thursday, Friday, Saturday,
Brought a glad content;
Leading up to Sunday,
Of all the days the best,
The day that should to ev'ryone
Bring comfort, peace, and rest.

Song of the Robin.

CHIRP! chirp! wake, wake, my lady,
 On this Christmas morn,
 'Tis the day on which the Saviour
 Of mankind was born.

Chirp! chirp! hark the bells ringing
 Forth a joyous peal,
 Open thy window and let it, my lady,
 Into thy boudoir steal.

Chirp! chirp! children are singing,
 'Tis a Christmas strain,
 And I an accompaniment am tapping
 On thy window pane.

Chirp! chirp! on this fair morning
 Art thou slumbering still?
 I am here waiting, my lady, to greet thee
 On thy window sill.

Chirp! chirp! come, lady, serve me
 With my meal of crumbs;
 All the earth over with snow is covered,
 And my feet it numbs.

Chirp! chirp! ah, now thou comest
 With thy gentle grace,
 I am repaid for waiting at seeing
 Such a winsome face.

Chirp! chirp! what shall I wish thee
 At this Christmas time?
 May thy young heart give forth an echo
 To the bells' glad chime.

Chirp ! chirp ! and the strain coming
On the frosty air,
Interweave into thy life, so leaving
Pure harmony there.

Chirp ! chirp ! others will greet thee,
And my place usurp ;
But I wish thee a happy and merry Christmas
Ere I go. Chirp ! chirp !



Dolly's Christmas Eve.

CHRISTMAS Eve and a Christmas tree,
Plenty of young hearts filled with glee.

Maudie, Amy, and Sissie, too,
Were foremost in the merry crew.

Around the tree they danced and sang,
And shouted till the rafters rang,

And all the toys upon the tree
Danced up and down right merrily.

And oh! it was such joyous fun,
And when the song and dance were done

They played at games and stories told
Of ghosts, and Christmas times of old.

Then Sissie heard a gentle voice,
So sweet, it made her heart rejoice.

And going up to the tree, saw there
A doll with lovely golden hair,

And rosy cheeks, and bright blue eyes;
But what most filled her with surprise,

The doll began to talk, and said,
"My life is hanging on a thread,

"And should it break I fall to earth;
But do not let that stay your mirth.

"Although I'm nothing but a toy,
I could not help but mark your joy.

"To-morrow will be Christmas Day,
So thought I would my greetings pay.

"Long years ago, one Christmas morn,
A Baby-Lord to us was born.

"He came to us that we might live ;
Gave love that we might also give.

"Let others have such love from you,
That other hearts may love you too.

"To-morrow, when the bells shall ring,
May they to you new pleasures bring ;

"And may your Christmas time be gay,
And new joys come with New Year's Day ;

"And as your years in life increase,
May each one bring you greater peace.

"The thread is breaking—wait, I pray,
For I've a few more words to say :

"May life be long, may life be bright ;
And now, my lady fair, good-night."

'Twas thus the doll to Sissie spoke ;
Its thread of life, alas ! then broke,
And Sissie gave a start and—woke !

For she had been asleep, you see,
And dreaming of this Christmas tree.



Two Stars.

Two orphans stood one winter's night,
And gazed toward the sky,
And far away they wondering saw
A cloud go sailing by!

“Oh! sister, look at that bright star!”
The younger cried aloud,
“May we not live up in the sky
Where rides that little cloud!”

“Oh! yes,” the sister made reply,
“If we are good and true,
We then may live up there with Him,
And He will love us too!”

“And shall we see dear mother there,
And little sister May?
And will it take us long to go
Up there so far away?”

“To such as we the way is short,
So mother used to tell,
And we shall meet her there again,
And sister May as well.”

“And will dear mother be the same
As when she went away?
It seems so long ago that we
Shall not know her and May!”

“They now are angels bright and fair,
Up in that land above,
No toil nor sorrow dwelleth there,
For all is peace and love.

But mother, and dear sister May
Will know us, and will wait
To welcome us when we appear
Before the golden gate."

"Oh! sister, let us go to-night,
It is so cold down here!"
"Hush, darling, we will trust in Him,
And then we need not fear!"

They cold and weary stayed to rest,
And heaved a bitter sigh,
And silently they watched the stars
That twinkled in the sky.

And when at last, worn out, they slept,
Their spirits roved afar,
And took their flight beyond the clouds,
Where each became a star!

The morning found them side by side,
No trace of sorrow nigh,
For two more weary souls had found
A home beyond the sky.

No more weeping, no more sorrow,
No more waiting for the morrow.



Laughing Song.

ONCE upon a time, such a long time ago,
 There lived, in a cottage by the sea,
 A little man who laughed with a jolly ho, ho, ho,
 And a funny little man was he.
 He laughed when he was sleeping, and he laughed
 when wide awake,
 And thus his heart was ever light and free ;
 With a jolly ho, ho, ho, how his little sides would shake,
 Such a merry, merry man was he.
 And this is what he used to say :
 Laugh, and let your heart be gay,
 Laugh, when young, and laugh, when old,
 For laughter is as good as gold.

It fell upon a day in the long long ago,
 He laughed just as merry as could be,
 And the waves began to dance to his jolly ho, ho, ho,
 Such a funny little man was he.
 And over all the world rode his laugh upon the breeze,
 And this will be the reason, don't you see,
 Why the fishes wag their tails, and the leaves upon
 the trees
 Clap their little hands and shake with glee.
 And this is what he used to say :
 Laugh, and let your heart be gay,
 Laugh, when young, and laugh, when old,
 For laughter is as good as gold.

Morning Prayer.

O, LORD, I lift my heart to Thee,
In this my morning pray'r,
Who through the night hath guarded me,
And made my sleep Thy care.

Then keep me, Lord, this day from sin,
That I, with help from Thee,
May end the day as I begin,
With pure simplicity.

Let all my deeds and words be kind,
And filled with sweetness, too,
That I may love and pleasure find
In all I see and do.

O, Lord, be with me all the day,
And bless this heart of mine,
And turn my footsteps when they stray
To paths that are not Thine.

Bedtime Prayer.

FATHER, here behold me
Kneeling at Thy throne,
With Thy grace enfold me,
Keep me as Thine own.

Jesus died to save me,
Died upon the Cross,
Of the life He gave me
Let me know no loss.

Teach me, O my Father,
How to serve Thee best,
That no fears shall gather
To disturb my rest.

When at night I yield me
Calmly to repose,
With Thy Spirit shield me
Till mine eyes unclose.

And in my awakings
Lead my steps aright;
Be my undertakings
Pleasing in Thy sight.

In Thy mercy teach me
How to seek Thy Son,
Kneeling I beseech Thee—
Lord, Thy will be done.



The following Songs have been set to Music by

G. PERCY HADDOCK.

Dedicated to

"Come Back"	Madame ALWINA VALLERIA
"Afterwards"	Madame MARIE ROSE
"For Love's Sweet Sake"	Mr. SIMS REEVES
"Somebody's Waiting"	Miss PAULINE HADDOCK
"Little Sweethearts"	Madame MARIE ROSE
"What Somebody did"	Miss ELLA RUSSELL
"The Mandoline Player"
"The Soul's Awakening"	Mdlle. NIKITA
"A Crown of Thorns"	Mdlle. TREBELLI
"The King of Kings"
"The Prayer"	Madame ADELINA PATTI

AND

"Proverb Songs for Children."

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